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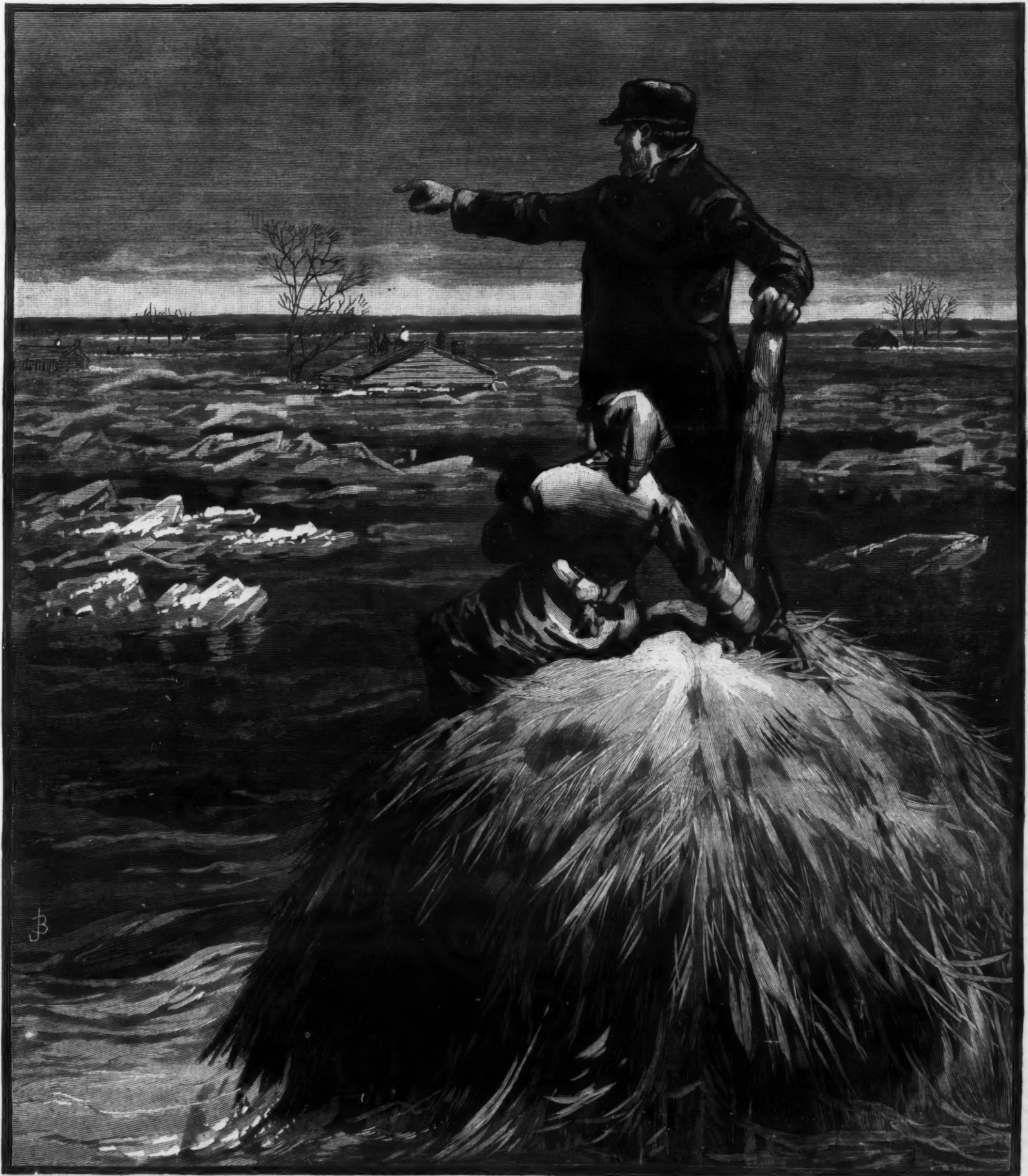
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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DAKOTA.—THE FLOODS IN THE UPPER MISSOURI—SETTLERS IN THE RIVER BOTTOMS, NEAR BISMARCK, SEEKING REFUGE FROM THE RAGING WATERS.

PHOTO, BY BARRY, BISMARCK, D. T.—SEE PAGE 101.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, APRIL 2, 1887.

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE ACT.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has performed no act during his official term which has met with such general approval as his appointment of the five Interstate Commerce Commissioners. They are all very able, strong men; strong enough for a Cabinet or for a Supreme Court. Their appointment shows that the President's skill in selecting men improves as he widens his personal acquaintance with national interests, and that he does not underestimate the gravity and difficulty of the questions presented by the Interstate Commerce Act, now that it is passed, and is supposed for the time being to be a law.

Judge Cooley is a man of great capacity for work, of untiring industry, is familiar with at least the legal aspects of the railway business, and, from his published opinions concerning railways may probably be assumed to sympathize with the general aims of the Act he is called upon to administer, to the extent of believing that some form of State and National supervision of railway management is necessary, and will prove beneficial. In selecting the other Commissioners, the President has steered clear of theorists, cranks, essayists, hobbyists and professional reformers on the one side, and of mere party demagogues and wire-pullers, convention-managers and slate-manipulators on the other. Morrison is blunt and obstinate, and in certain lines of action he is clear-headed, patriotic and honest; but the good results that might otherwise come of these qualities are in some ways neutralized by the fact that in the investigation of economic questions he is constitutionally indolent and superficial, and is content too often with a superficial view of complex questions. The other Commissioners are good, practical railway lawyers, and all have a large railway experience. In the latter respect, Messrs. Walker and Bragg may, perhaps, excel their better-known associates.

As to the constitutionality of the Act, and its effects on business, the opinions of lawyers and railway experts greatly vary. There are plenty of points on which a learned argument can be made against the constitutionality of the law; but so there were in the slaughter-house cases from New Orleans, and in the grain-warehouse cases from Chicago. The Supreme Court has been deciding several things to be constitutional of late years which were formerly supposed to be rank socialism.

The Act can be attacked as unconstitutional on the ground that it throughout mistakes and substitutes transportation for commerce, and that all its regulations, in fact, concern interstate transportation and none of them interstate commerce. But it must be admitted that though the two terms are as unlike in meaning as "merchandise" and "roads," or "trade" and "carts," yet in frequent public use they are indistinguishably blended. "Commerce" certainly means the exchange of values with and for each other, and is a wholly distinct thing from transportation, to which alone this Act relates. But we shall know more about the future meaning of the two words when we shall have heard from the Supreme Court. Since it has pleased Congress to assume that a power to regulate commerce between the States means a power to regulate transportation out of one State into another, it may please the Supreme Court to affirm this meaning.

The Act may also be attacked as allowing a trial before the Commission to deprive a defendant of his constitutional right to trial before a jury; also as depriving a witness of his constitutional right to decline to criminate himself; also as authorizing an injunction to restrain a railway from receiving or carrying goods, which is both an obvious duty and a public right; also as delegating to the Commission a power to waive and annul large portions of the law under which it acts; also as assuming that private property employed in public use may be subjected to public management in a degree that confiscates it without compensation by destroying its quality as private property; and unconstitutional as interfering with the rights secured by treaty to foreign railroad companies whose lines begin and terminate in our territory, but run mostly through foreign territory, by making goods carried over their lines subject to payment of customs duties, unless such foreign companies consent to be legislated for as to their rates of freight and fare by the American Congress. It is impossible to predict what may be the treatment by the Supreme Court of an Act which raises so many serious questions.

The Act will create the greatest turmoil, if enforced, which has ever been occasioned by any measure affecting our internal industries, unless it may have been the Emancipation, or the railway strikes of 1876-8. But the Commission will be so buried under the voluminities and intricacies of an attempt to adjust the affairs of eight thousand millions of capital, two millions of employes, fifty millions of customers of railways, and probably two millions of stockholders, that no man can predict the result.

If enforced, it would raise all rates of freight and fare

west of Indianapolis or Cleveland, and lower those east, thus depressing the value of lands, labor and products in the Western States. But as it is not sane to suppose the Commission capable of adopting such a policy, it is necessary to believe that they will be held in check by the evident costliness and ruin involved in doing what the law assumes should be done relative to long and short hauls.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION FOR THE NEGRO.

EDUCATION at the South, like education at the North and the West, is becoming industrial; the hand and the eye, as well as the brain, are being properly taught. Especially is the education which is given to the colored boy and girl of this practical character. The schools and colleges which, even before the close of the war, and especially immediately after, were provided by the generosity of churches, societies and individuals at the North, were modeled after the ordinary type. The purpose was to crowd so much knowledge into and to secure so much ordinary discipline in the colored child. Not a few mistaken enthusiasts were eager to give to every boy with a black skin a college training, thinking that by teaching him to read Livy and Homer he would be able to redeem his people from the evil results of bondage. We have no crusade to wage against the classics or the higher culture for the negro. But we do believe that much of the money and time which have been given to the "higher" education of the colored race would have proved of greater service to them if they had been expended in giving him a better "lower" education. It is more important for colored women to know the art of housekeeping and of homemaking, of cleanliness and economy, than to know the course of argument in the first three books of Loomis's Euclid, or the history of Rome's decline and fall. It is far more important for most colored men to know the art of farming or of carpentry, than to understand the rotation of crops which Virgil advises in his *Bucolics*, or the principles of Greek architecture.

We have been altogether too long and at too great expense in learning these simple truths. General Armstrong, through his work at Hampton, has taught us that we should train the ordinary negro to be a good blacksmith rather than a minister, and the ordinary woman to be a good housekeeper rather than a school-teacher. The schools for the colored people are now taking on this industrial character. New schools of this sort are springing up in all parts of the South. Of such a school, recently established in Montgomery, Ala., General Armstrong writes, and his letter thus outlines such a school as is of the most worth: "Thirty-three colored girls are taught the rudiments of an English education, and also the whole routine of housekeeping, including cooking, using models of all utensils and furniture, and applying at their own homes the ideas of cleanliness, cooking and good taste they have been taught. Besides this, fifty young women are twice a week gathered in a class for instruction in cooking, economies of the household, and are being talked to of things in general."

We have enough, and perhaps too many, "colleges" for the colored people. We have not enough of the schools in which these boys and girls shall be taught the rudiments of a serviceable English education; in which they shall receive instruction in the simpler elements of morality, and in those arts of livelihood through which the hand and the eye can earn bread. For the establishment of such schools philanthropy offers the strongest argument.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

THE plan of the British Ministry to curtail debate in the House of Commons on the motion giving the Coercion Bill precedence of all other business, and upon the Bill itself, by the use of the closure, has not altogether succeeded. Mr. Gladstone's denunciation of it; his arraignment of the Government for proposing such a thing before presenting any papers to the House, or even stating the nature of the proposed legislation; his declaration that the evidence the Government had put before the House showed that the crime it was proposed to suppress by extraordinary measures consisted of combining to obtain a just reduction of rent—these and other considerations induced the Ministry to permit a prolongation of the discussion. It is hoped, however, to reach a vote before the Easter recess.

Although, at this writing, no one except the members of the Cabinet knows in detail what the provisions of the proposed Coercion Bill are to be, enough has been disclosed in the debate to give some indication of its general character. Certain of its features, as outlined by the cable dispatches, were given last week, and so tyrannical are they, that an attempt to enforce them would arouse the indignation of the civilized world, even when joined with a Tenant Relief Bill giving tenants power to stay evictions by declaring their inability to pay full rent, and wiping out the claims by surrender to the Bankruptcy Court. Nor will it be justified by any measure of land-purchase based upon Mr. Chamberlain's land-bank scheme.

The British Ministry is playing with fire. It may have the votes to carry through its Coercion Bill in spite of the opposition of the solid Irish vote in the House of Commons, reinforced by most of the Scotch and Welsh members, and many of the English Liberals, led by Mr.

Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley; but it will be a victory that will be more disastrous than defeat. Coercion failed when there was some excuse for it. It will fail even more miserably when so large a proportion of the people of Great Britain look upon it as unnecessary and oppressive. The Irish people demand Home Rule; they will be satisfied with nothing else, and the party in England that sets itself against it will not long remain in power.

A FREE-THOUGHT COLLEGE.

NAMES are excellent things. They help men to find their way to science and knowledge and culture, and to mutual help; but there is also something not wholly admirable in names. They often mislead, even more than they guide; and no one name is more obnoxious to this reproach than the name of Free Thought.

Free thought is, if anything, the thought that sets free; and it is, therefore, in its very nature and essence a process of the individual mind. It is not more possible to teach free thought than it is to teach intelligence. You may teach science, or learning, or technical processes; but you cannot teach a dull man to be bright, or a plodder to be original, or a dependent mind to be free. These are matters concerning which Nature has made a decree, and Nature is even more absolute than the Czar Nicholas.

When we are told that the wise men of Chicago and St. Louis, and Orange, N. J., are going about to establish a Free-thought College, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that they are trying to set up something which shall impose upon the unwary. It is related that a poor poet once presented to Tiberius Caesar a poem, entitled, "The Praises of Hercules." "The Praises of Hercules?" said the Emperor; "does any one blame Hercules?" A college for free thought! Is not thought free? Epictetus was a slave, but he did some free thinking, by which some persons profit even at this day; and every man able to think has always had the liberty of Epictetus. It may be urged, however, that not so much the power of thinking to oneself as the right of publishing one's thought is what a College of Free Thought would protect and extend. What is the limitation now set to this right of publishing? There is absolutely none. The arguments of Milton's immortal treatise on the "Liberty of Unlicensed Printing" still hold good, and they are respected in much more than half of the civilized world. There is to-day no subject on which, if a man desires to read or to write, the field is not open before him to inform or to misinform himself and his readers. If this is not free thought, what is? To establish a college for securing this right, or for making men aware that this right belongs to them, would be like planting a number of heavy cannon on the Battery, so that the people of New York might know it when they saw it.

Treating the proposition as a serious one, there is at the very outset an insurmountable difficulty. A college must be governed by a supreme authority; but how is the recognition of authority to be united with the cultivation of absolutely free thought? The two ideas are incompatible, except on the theory of a democratic constitution which shall put faculty and professors and students on a footing of perfect equality. There is nothing cohesive in free thought. Instead of welding men together, it constantly disintegrates; and an organization for the teaching of disintegration is a manifest absurdity.

The one practical aim in the establishment of the proposed college is, beyond a doubt, the creation of chairs with sufficient salaries attached. This comes home to the business and bosoms of all those who feel that they have a mission to open the eyes of men already wide awake, and to receive a comfortable yearly stipend for a quantity of superfluous prose.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND ITS RESULTS.

HARDLY a week passes without the news of some embezzlement, usually of a "trusted clerk." When the cause is not Wall Street or dissipation, it is certain to be the usual story of a small income and a desire to keep up appearances. Thus the bookkeeper of a publishing firm was paid \$1,200 a year, and embezzled nearly \$20,000, in order to support his family as handsomely as some of his neighbors. He lived in a suburban town where he was brought into close contact with wealthier people, much closer, indeed, than would have been the case in a city, and he was ashamed not to equal their expenditures. He liked to contribute freely to the various social organizations, and to cut something of a dash, but \$1,200 a year did not suffice for the support of his family and for social leadership. It is true that his salary was small, but a large salary is no safeguard against evil, and perhaps a man usually earns about what he is worth in the long run.

The root of the evil is in the American worship of money and what money buys. The sheer brute force of wealth makes its way almost everywhere in our social life. Extravagance in New York is unbounded, and all this luxury and show exerts a powerful influence. It spreads a spirit of emulation and discontent. The discontented may be weak, but when they see social rank gauged by the bank account, or, rather, by the amount of money spent, it is hard for them to confess inferiority. Surely even the newly rich might consider the influence of example, since they have not learned the vulgarity of lavish display of wealth. And the fate of some recent victims of

temptation should remind employers to show more personal consideration for employes who are too often regarded merely as cogs of the machine which are not to squeak even if scantily oiled.

FAIR PLAY FOR THE APACHES.

MR. HERBERT WELSH, Secretary of the Indian Rights Association, has been investigating the condition of the 447 Chiricahua Apaches confined in Fort Marion, at St. Augustine, Fla., and his report will, we trust, receive attention from the Interior Department. Mr. Welsh is known as a faithful and disinterested advocate of justice for the Indians, and neither his zeal nor his motives can be questioned. Nevertheless, it seems to us well to suspend judgment until the other side is heard from. Mr. Welsh reports that only 30 of the 90 male Apaches at Fort Marion were actively engaged in hostilities with Geronimo, while the majority of the remainder were regularly commissioned as scouts, and had rendered efficient service. He instances the case of Chatto, who had devoted himself to farming since 1883, and had served as a scout. It is said that he was beguiled by the son of the Secretary of the Interior into visiting Washington last Summer, and came East only to be imprisoned in Fort Marion. Other cases are mentioned of Apaches, whose services were highly prized by General Crook, who have been rewarded by imprisonment. Mr. Welsh infers that the plan of the Government was to remove all the Chiricahuas, without any discrimination, from their San Carlos homes to the Florida prison. Nothing is done by the Government towards their instruction and improvement. They have no opportunities for learning trades or working, but are doomed to demoralizing idleness.

This is a severe indictment, but unfortunately the Government's treatment of its "wards" in the past has shown many instances of injustice as great as that charged by Mr. Welsh. The Hualapai Indians, in Northern Arizona, were among the best scouts and trailers, but after the Government ceased to need their help they were left literally to die by starvation and pestilence. There are plenty of similar cases. It is fortunate, if these Chiricahuas are suffering from such wrongs, that they have champions whose protests will appeal to an enlightened public sentiment. Yet, we are forced to acknowledge that we cannot understand some of Mr. Welsh's statements. The first party of Apaches sent to Fort Marion was composed of those who had surrendered to General Crook. They had been upon the war-path, and it was known that they would be a disturbing element upon the reservation. Every one who has studied the Indian Question knows that General Crook would not permit wrong to be done without an emphatic protest. Afterwards, Geronimo and his gang were sent on. It seems to us that Mr. Welsh's proportion of "hostiles" is very small. As regards the scouts, it is unhappily true that some who had done good service afterwards turned against the Government, as at the Cibola massacre of 1881 or 1882. Chatto had been a war-chief, and it is necessary to know at first hand that he had no connection whatever with the troubles of the last two years. Again, it was said that some of the Chiricahuas preferred to accompany their relatives and friends, rather than remain without them on the reservation. We cannot understand why young Mr. Lamar should have "beguiled" Chatto to Florida by way of Washington, Fort Leavenworth, etc., when a simple order from the Department was all that was necessary to secure his prompt and direct removal. And the character of General Miles is sufficient warrant that he would be guilty of no injustice.

We agree with Mr. Welsh that the case, as he puts it, is one of shameful injustice, and calculated to increase the distrust and hatred with which Indians have reason to regard the Government. Allowance, of course, is to be made for the fact that the Chiricahuas are the worst of all the Southwestern Indians, and have been a continual cause of outbreaks on the San Carlos Reservation; nevertheless, they should have fair play. Mr. Welsh's indictment must be answered by the Interior Department. If it is deemed impossible to retain the Chiricahuas at San Carlos consistently with the welfare of the other Indians and the safety of settlers, they should be put where they can learn to use their hands and have a chance to work. This is not a political question, although a portion of the partisan Press has sought to make it so. The present Administration has done more than its predecessors to secure fair treatment and lands in severalty for the Indians. We presume that some explanation will be offered in answer to Mr. Welsh, who has done a good thing, at least, in calling attention to the aimless, profitless existence which the Apaches are compelled to lead.

ELOQUENCE BEFORE JURIES.

IN the Cleary trial, very great stress was put on the forensic powers of the advocate; and New York being deficient, as was supposed, in the oratorical gift, a renowned jury lawyer was imported by the defense from Philadelphia to captivate the twelve men, good and true, by the omnipotence of his art. Yet, it is doubtful if the strictly legal orator, the advocate who arouses interest and admiration in himself by powers of invective, pathos, witticism, anecdote and theatrical gesture, is a great help to his cause and client in this enlightened day, and particularly in a city like New York, where jurors are apt to be very matter-of-fact, sensible and cool-headed men. While perhaps it is pardonable for a man on trial for a crime that will terminate an otherwise useful career to have weeping children and women nestling about him in his trouble, the impression must be unmistakable that such an exhibition, however dramatic and sympathetic, has more or less the character of calculation. That is why all of these appeals, silent or by word of mouth, and essentially unreal and theatrical, are dropping out of usage in our American courts. And it is better so. For, while exhibitions of brutal rage like that shown by one of the counsel for the defense in the Cleary case may capture the casual juror, it will only disgust and annoy the conservative members of a body that is sworn to do justice, on the law and evidence in the case.

It is to be noted, too, that vituperation and organized denunciation have never been methods employed by those who have been masters and leaders of the English and American Bar. The late Charles O'Connor on this side of the water, confessedly one of the legal chieftains in the generation now passing away, always, in his great jury cases, despised methods of this kind, although he often resorted with telling effect to novel claims on the action of a jury. Notably was this the fact in the case of young Walworth, who shot and killed his father at the Sturtevant House, in this city, to relieve his mother from the threats and terrors of an almost insane husband. The great lawyer then urged upon the jury that they should not find a verdict of murder in the first degree, because to do so would put on the criminal annals of the State the crime of deliberate parricide, which up to that time did not exist. As a result, the prisoner was convicted in a minor degree, and subsequently set at liberty by the Governor's constitutional mandate.

Mr. Everts's method in addressing juries has never been in any sense forensic, but rather argumentative and logical, handling the facts, gathering their inferential conclusions, and by subtle mental

processes exposing the weakness of the adversary while marshaling his own weapons in clear and connected array. This was very patent in the Beecher trial, and other celebrated causes with which he has been connected.

Thus it may be said that the lawyer who relies on the mere gift of indiscriminate denunciation, upon mere stump oratory, in the trial of a great action before a carefully selected jury, injures his client's interests more than he advances them. Precision of speech, ornamental diction, happy illustration or incisive epigram, are not to be underestimated; but the mere blatherskite moulder, reeling off hours of Shakespeare, the poets, and "chestnuts" from the ancient almanacs, will always fail to impress an Eastern jury when confronted with a calm-spoken man who presents his case without passion, his facts in their natural sequence, and by arts of persuasion seeks therefrom to convince.

Certainly in the Cleary trial the address of Mr. Dougherty was eloquent, masterful, full of variety and dramatic fervor; but, after all, it was the law officer of the people who, by making his presentation of the case not one of oratory, but rather one of fact, most impressed himself upon the thoughtful hearer. In the contest between reason and passion, logic and oratory, there is little doubt where the victory will generally lie.

CORRUPTION IN ELECTIONS.

MR. JOSEPH E. BISHOP, in a paper recently read before the Commonwealth Club, stated that under the present system of elections in New York, \$210,000 is paid annually by candidates for assessments. This sum is divided among 45,000 men, or one-fifth of the entire voting population. Of the men employed, between 8,000 and 10,000 are hired by the city, and the others are paid by the political machines. The assessment system, he declared, makes the city government a matter of bargain and sale, the candidate for mayor being assessed from \$25,000 to \$30,000, and so in proportion with other officials, the question of fitness for the office being one of secondary consideration. There can be no doubt as to the general correctness of this statement. The practical question is: How shall the evils of this system be corrected? Many remedies have been suggested, but as yet none have been effectively applied. That proposed by Mr. Bishop does not seem to us to promise any real reform. His idea is that a vigorous enforcement of the rule which prevails in England would effect a cure. There, candidates or others who use undue influence at elections are liable to imprisonment not exceeding one year, and a fine of \$2,000 or less. But recent developments in connection with the London corporation or city government go to show that, in spite of the law, the municipal government of that great capital is honey-combed with "rings and cliques of corrupt officials." For example, early in the last month Mr. Howell, a member of the House of Commons, made a charge of corrupt practices against the London Corporation and the Ratepayers' Association, which is a kind of league organized ostensibly to look after the interests of the London taxpayers. That body has most intimate connection with the corporation of London, and handles large sums of money. Mr. Howell charged that the association and corporation on one occasion used \$100,000 corruptly; over \$25,000 being used to defeat a Bill by Sir William Harcourt for the reform of the government. On another occasion a meeting was organized to "express the opinion of the working classes." A committee was paid \$60 to work it up; \$80 went to a speaker, \$75 was paid to attendants to compose an "audience," and \$18 was paid to have the proceedings reported in a newspaper. At another meeting the audience consisted of five men, at a cost of \$30, and so on through the list. Mr. Gladstone declared that the matter was of the greatest importance, and that an inquiry must be made. The Government was reluctant to authorize an inquiry whether the corporation was using public money in a sham agitation, but it was compelled to act, and an Investigating Committee was appointed. One witness deposed that he had examined the accounts of the corporation, and that notwithstanding the fact that it had employed auditors, practically the city accounts had never been audited, the auditors being livermen without a knowledge of their duties. Money, he said, was used lavishly to break up reform meetings, etc. It would seem from these statements that the system which Mr. Bishop would have adopted in New York works poorly in London. Reform of a healthy kind in our election system is desirable, but a law so easily evaded as that in vogue in the British metropolis would scarcely be worth experimenting with.

A SUPPLEMENTAL report of the Railroad Commissioners of New York on the car-heating problem emphasizes the conclusions already reached by the public, that the stove must give place to steam supplied from the engine or from a car provided for that purpose. The stove and kerosene lamp must go, and that quickly, and if there are any difficulties in connection with steam-heating that have not yet been overcome, the sooner railroad managers tackle the problem, determined to solve it, the better it will be for the companies they represent.

CHARLES N. VALLANDIGHAM, a son of the late Clement L. Vallandigham, and who has for years held office in Ohio as a Democrat, has caused a great sensation by suddenly repudiating the political tenets with which the family name has been identified for forty years past. During his Clerkship of the State Senate he revolted against the mandates of the supporters of the infamous election forgeries, and decided to become a Republican. He is to make a public announcement of his change of heart, giving the reasons therefor, in an address before the Garfield Club of Columbus, on April 10th. Some interesting exposures may be looked for.

THE case against ex-Alderman Cleary is quite as strong as were those against McQuade and O'Neil, who are now at Sing Sing; yet his counsel succeeded in dividing the jury last week—chiefly, no doubt, by the exaggerated stress which they laid upon the unanimity of public opinion as to what justice demands. If the Press and the public expect the conviction of certain men concerned in the great bribery affair, it is because the overwhelming evidence which has been brought forward, and the confessions of Fulgraff and Duffy, do not leave room for two opinions as to their guilt. The present mistrial is undoubtedly a disappointment and a misfortune; but it also took two trials to convict McQuade.

THE ninety-first birthday of Kaiser William of Germany, which fell on Tuesday of last week, was marked by memorable festivities in Berlin, where representatives of all the crowned heads in Europe were assembled. These princely guests drove in procession to the palace, with the members of the imperial family, and personally tendered their congratulations; while the populace gave expression to their homage and affection in profuse decorations, processions, banquets, church services and illuminations. German subjects abroad observed the anniversary with unusual spirit; and in Paris, at the reception of Count von Münster, the German Ambassador, even General Boulanger declared that he was happy to

associate himself with those who celebrated the birthday of the German Kaiser. Certainly the event was worthy of the observance. While the long and noble record of the soldier sovereign gives him a place in the history of Prussia beside the great Frederick, his present identification with the echoed demand for peace in Europe adds a brighter lustre to his renown, and gives special appropriateness to the joyous tributes of the present year of grace. Beside the old Kaiser stands Bismarck, he of the inscrutable mind and the dominating will. To these two, the Kaiser and his Minister, who have so marvelously wrought out the fortunes of Germany, the world need not be grudging of cordial congratulations, and good wishes for birthdays yet to come.

THE present season promises to be behind neither of the past two in the annals of international yachting. The *Mayflower's* challenge of the English cutter *Arrow* to race for the Queen's Cup, held by the latter, has been accepted, and is likely to result in a contest which will not be second in importance to the renewed contest on this side of the Atlantic for the possession of the *America's* Cup. It is a pardonable pride that all Americans feel in the triumphs of our fast-sailing yachts, but our victories on the sea may yet prove of more practical value than that to be gained from the winning of cups and the indulgence of national pride. If we can build pleasure vessels that can beat any others in the world, there is no reason why we should not be equally successful in building steamships when the talents of our naval architects are turned in that direction.

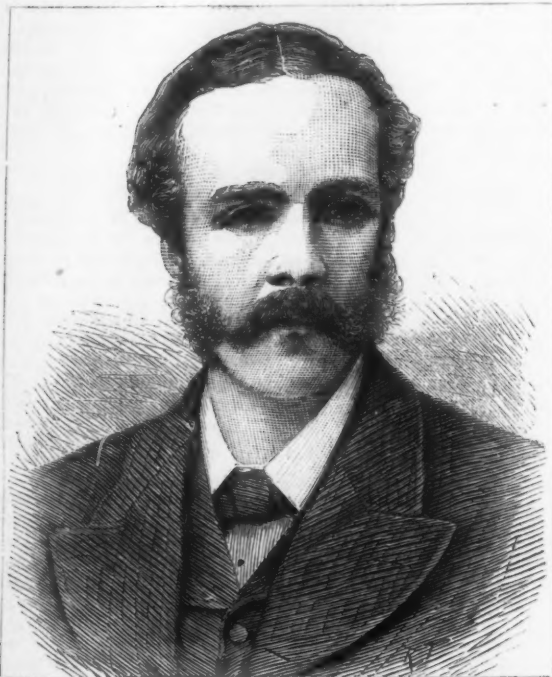
"NOTHING has occurred in my time here of equal consequence to the new navy," said Secretary Whitney, after the bids for steel plates and forgings had been opened, and the details of them ascertained. The principal obstacle to the construction of a new fleet, aside from the niggardly policy of Congress, has been the fact that the kind of steel required has not been made in this country. There is no customer for it except the United States Government; the cost of a plant for its production, and of the instruction of the workmen, will be very great, and the experience of capitalists who have heretofore invested money for the manufacture of articles which the Government alone will buy has not been such as to encourage others to embark in such an enterprise. But the bids that Secretary Whitney has secured prove that at least one private establishment will be in condition to do this work, and possibly more than one. Secretary Whitney is entitled to great credit for his successful management of this business, and the country is to be congratulated upon the prospect of having some ships that can fight as well as run away.

WITH all the progress of physical culture in the last few years, much remains to be done. Professional and business men still stick to their office-chairs until brain or liver or stomach go completely wrong. The fallow faces and yellow eyes seen in New York streets tell as depressing a story as the gross, puffy fat of men who persist in their sedentary lives until apoplexy takes a hand. No man can do his best work when he is in such an unclean, miserable physical condition. His views of life become bilious, and his moral code demoralized. It is as much a sin to neglect the body as to neglect the mind. We commend these considerations to President Cleveland. It is not pleasant to think of him as growing fatter and fatter, while his circulation becomes more sluggish, and the influence of an outraged liver asserts itself in his administration. He cannot do himself justice, and, moreover, he should set a better example. Let him walk from one to five miles daily, beginning modestly, or let him take an hour's ride on horseback, with a bath and massage afterward, instead of rolling about in his carriage. He should get himself into good physical condition. His health, perhaps his life, depends upon his taking exercise, and he should run no risks.

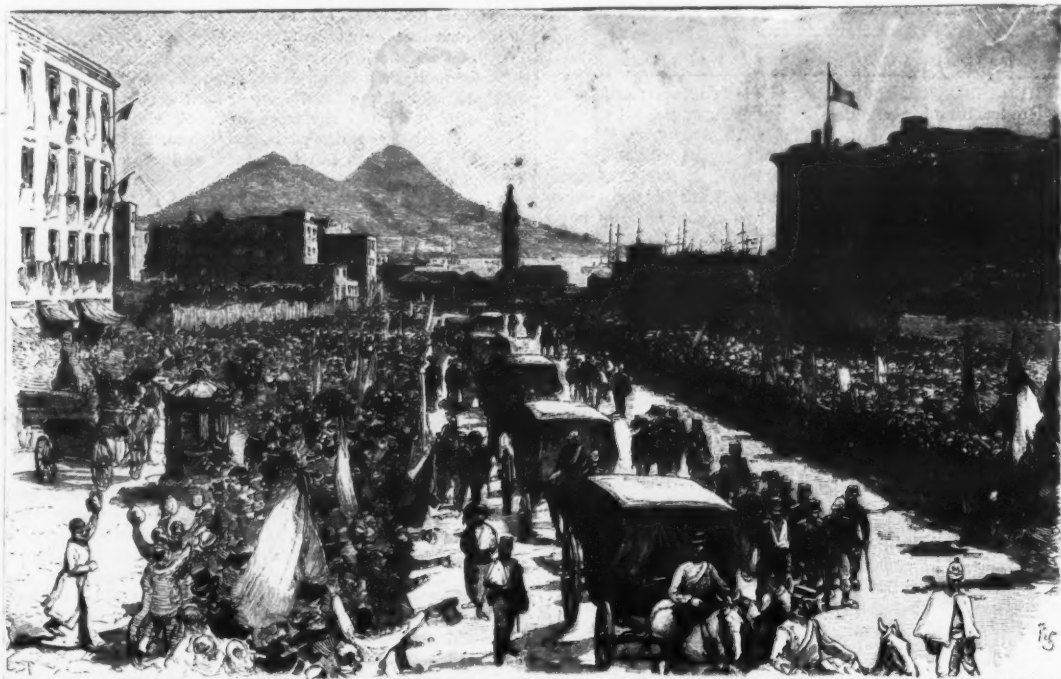
MAYOR HEWITT says that there is not one retail liquor dealer in New York city who pays the slightest attention to the law requiring him to close his place of business after midnight and on Sunday, unless it suits his convenience. On Broadway some of them may do so simply because they make money enough during the remainder of the week, or because, down-town, their trade might not be sufficient to make it pay; but everywhere else they go on selling, all night, and all day Sunday, just as though there was no law. The police, he says, are utterly powerless to prevent this; the number of liquor dealers is so great—nearly 10,000—that they can do nothing with them. For this reason, Mayor Hewitt says, he favors licensing a limited number of places for the sale of wine and beer after one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, in order to give those who think they have a right to drink on Sunday places where they can lawfully procure those beverages, and then, he thinks, he can enforce the law as to the others. We think it more than doubtful. The police make no effort to enforce the Sunday law, simply because they know that they will not be sustained in doing so by their superior officers. If every patrolman knew that he was expected to close up every liquor saloon on his beat next Sunday, and keep it closed, on penalty of losing his place, not one bar in twenty would be opened on that day. As it now is, the police know that the liquor dealers not only have the power to defy every attempt to enforce the law, but to "break" any patrolman who attempts it. That condition of affairs would not be changed by licensing a part to sell wine and beer on Sunday. It would be impossible either to confine the sales to those light drinks or to close up the unlicensed places.

FOURTEEN years ago a philanthropic English woman, Miss Ada M. Leigh, was impressed by the loneliness and suffering of English and American girls who were seeking employment in Paris or left without friends, a class much larger than had been supposed, and peculiarly exposed to danger. For these poor "strangers in a strange land," Miss Leigh succeeded in opening a house with twelve beds. Two years later, the value of this work was so clearly shown, that \$50,000 was subscribed, and an eight-story building erected, containing accommodations for governesses, shopgirls and others. In connection with this a children's home was built, and later a church was erected for the Association, and several charitable institutions established. In the sixteen years of its existence, the "English and American Mission Home and Christian Association" has aided over 5,000 women and cared for 200 children. Its purpose is like that of the Christian Associations here, save that it furnishes lodging, a true home, for a large number. Three years ago an attempt was made to help men as well as women, and 300 young men have been aided thus far. It is now necessary to secure a building for the successful prosecution of this work, and Miss Leigh has come here to secure funds. Of the \$60,000 needed, \$17,000 has been subscribed. Lord Lyons, the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Baroness Rothschild have been among the foreign friends of Miss Leigh's noble work, and at the meeting recently held at the house of Minister West, in Washington, the ladies of that city testified to their appreciation of the Association's invaluable services in behalf of friendless and working women. Miss Leigh speaks this week in New York, and her excellent cause and her own self-sacrificing philanthropy should assure her a cordial welcome.

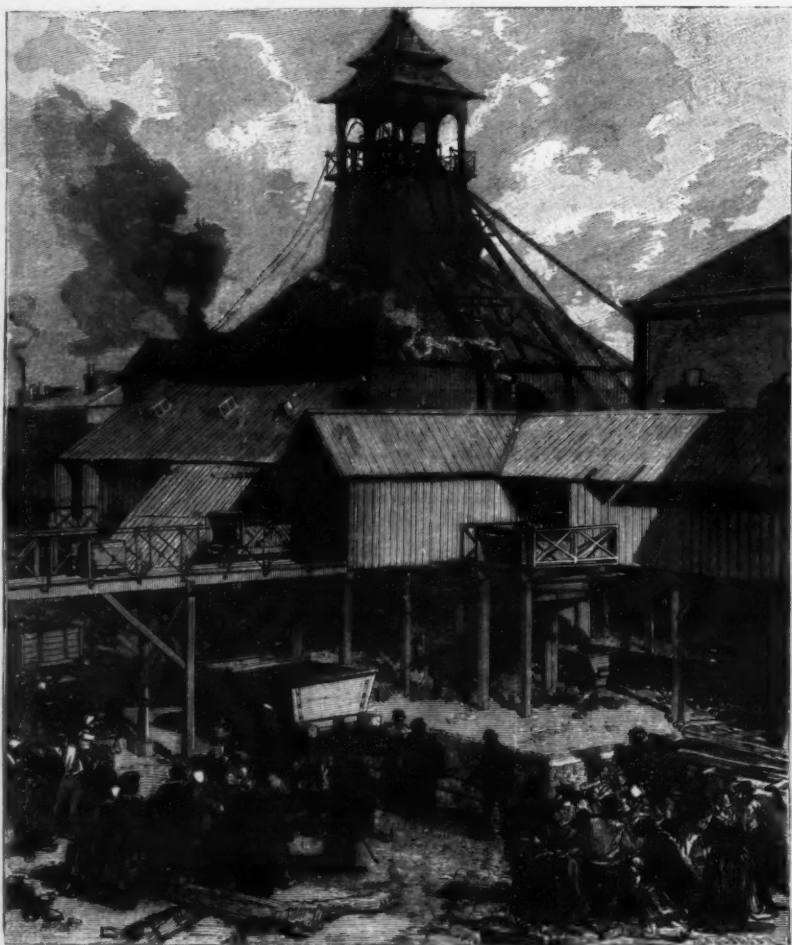
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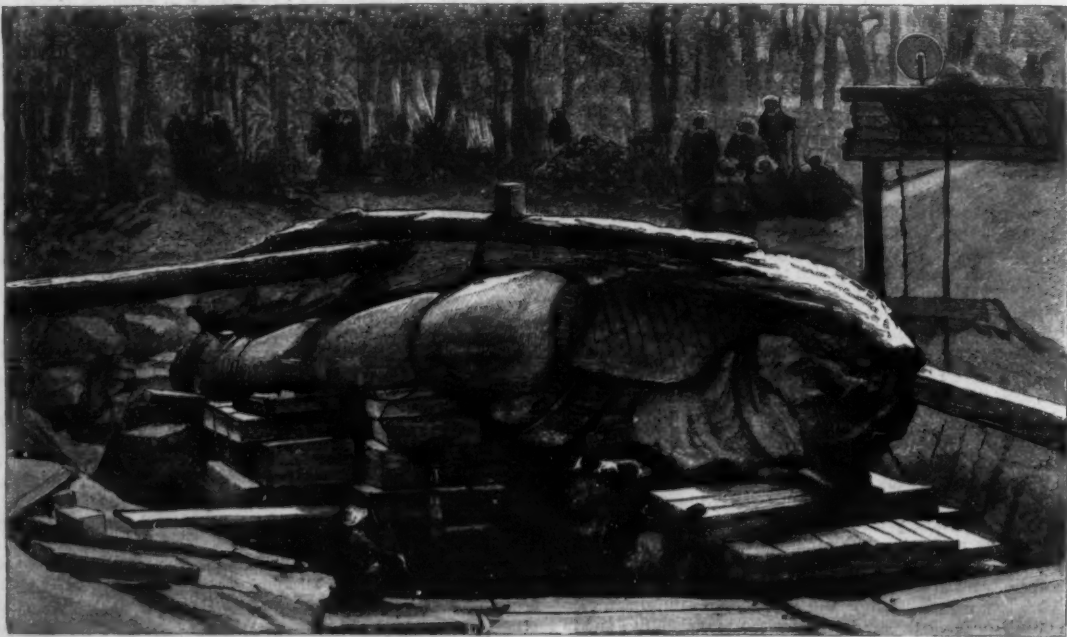
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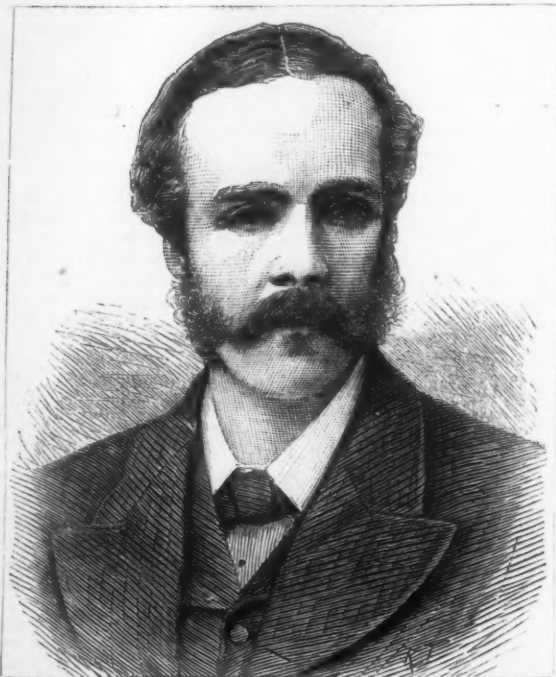


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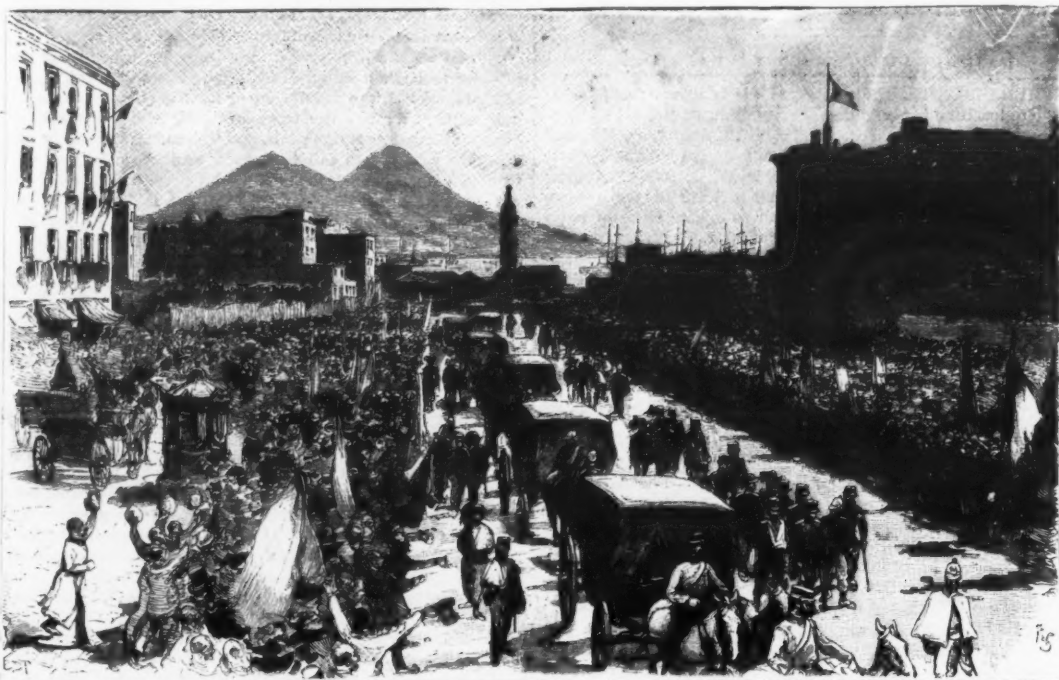


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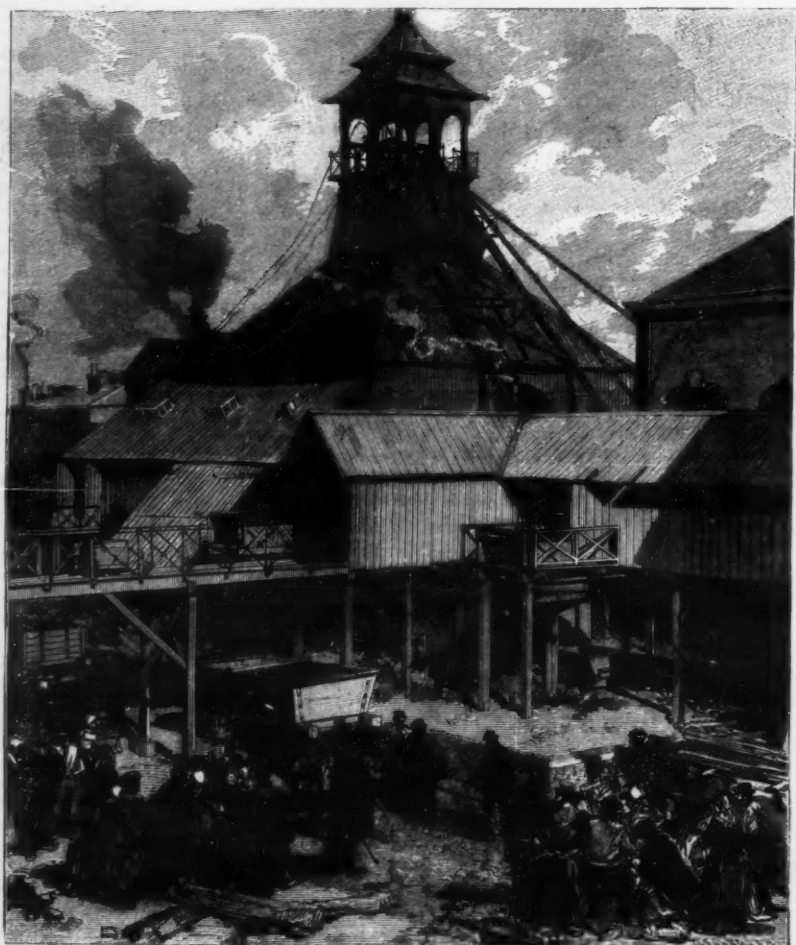
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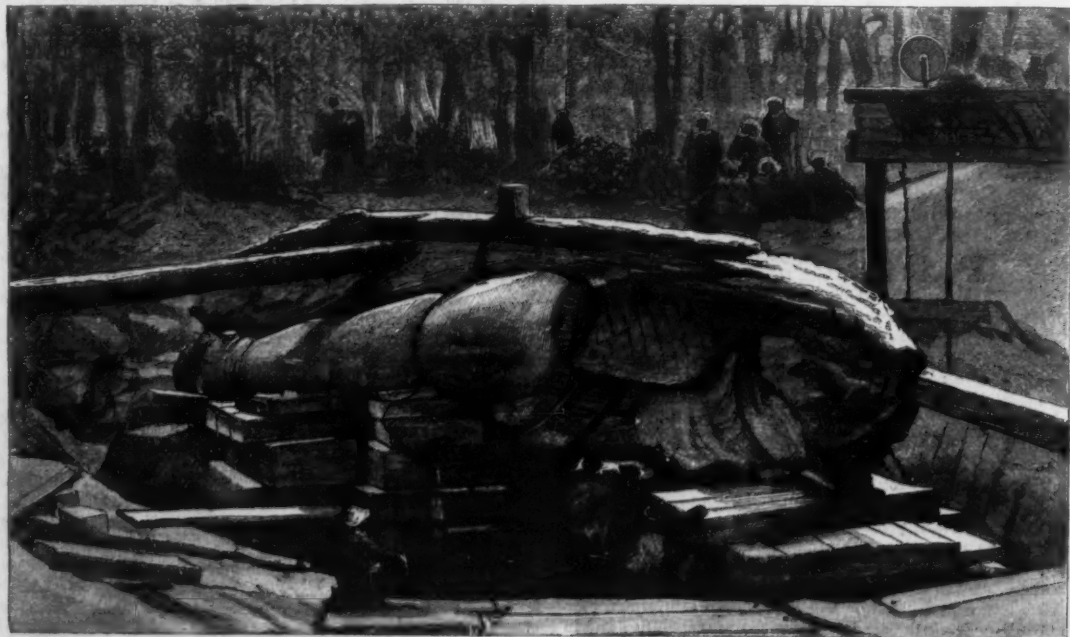
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Woods like the bursting of a water-spout, and in less than thirty seconds from the time it could be seen approaching the flood was over ten feet deep on the farms and property of the settlers.

On Tuesday of last week the Northern Pacific Railway Company transferred a number of delayed and weary passengers across the river in boats, and this was the first travel over the river since the beginning of the overflow.

The situation remains unchanged at the present writing, and at Mandan and other points there is still great danger. The snow is melting in the mountains, and the upper tributaries are rising with alarming rapidity. Above Bismarck there is a huge ice-gorge which threatens to make a flood surpassing all expectations. There is a prospect for the Hart River to break about the time the upper gorge breaks, and if it does, Mandan will be afloat. The flood is pronounced the most persistent and enduring in the history of the country. The officers of Fort Lincoln are of the opinion that people opposite the post on the low land south of the city perished in the flood. The reports from river districts daily add to the number of the lost.

On page 104 will be found pictures of the town of Mandan and the railroad bridge that was swept away at that place, together with views showing the imminent danger of the settlers along the neighboring river bottoms. These are from late photographs forwarded by a correspondent at Bismarck.

PHILOSOPHY.

LIFE to the few is a surfeit of pleasure,
Gay as the butterfly sipping its sweet,
Tripping through gardens a minute measure,
Happy of spirit, with fairy-shod feet.
Life to the many's a desert of sorrow,
Heavy of heart and with plentiful tears;
Grieving to-day, with no hopes for the morrow,
Slowly they wear out the beautiful years.

Life as it is has sufficient of either—
Sadness and gladness to answer our need,
Laughter and weeping, made wholly of neither:
Harvest is *always* the growth of the seed.
They who go bravely, with courage believing
All is not evil, will garner the good;
They are deceived who forecast deceiving,
Benefits given are not understood.

ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

By EUGENIA DUNLAP.

IT is some years since I was station-master, baggage-agent, telegraph-operator and ticket-seller at a little village near some valuable oil wells. The station-house was quite a distance from the unpretentious thoroughfare that had grown up in a day, and my duties were so arduous that I had scarcely leisure for a weekly flitting to a certain mansion on the hill where dwelt Ellen Morris, my promised wife. In fact, it was with the hope of lessening the distance between us that I had undertaken these quadruple duties.

The day had been gloomy, and towards the afternoon ominous rolls of thunder portended a storm. Colonel Holloway, the well-known treasurer of the oil company, had been in the village several days. About one o'clock he came hurriedly into the office with a package, which he laid upon my desk, saying:

"Take care of that, Bowen, till to-morrow. I'm going up the road."

The commission was not an unusual one, and my safe was one of Marvin's best. I counted the money, which footed up into the thousands, placed it in the official envelope, affixed the seals, and deposited it in the safe. As I turned away from the lock, a voice at the door said:

"Say, mister, can you tell me the way to the post-office?"

A sort of shock went through me at the unexpected presence that seemed to have dropped down from nowhere, and I replied, irritably:

"You could not miss it if you tried. Keep straight ahead."

Soon large drops of rain came down, then faster and more furiously, till the air was one vast sheet of water, and little rivers leaped madly along the gullies and culverts. Forked lightning kept pace with the pealing thunder, and heaven's own artillery seemed let loose. Anything more dismal or dreary could not well be imagined, and gradually the loneliness grew oppressive. Every straggler had fled to shelter, and the usual idlers had deserted the platform. But I resolutely set to work at the dry statistics of the station-books, with an occasional call to the wires, which were ticking like mad, so fierce was the electric current.

It was near five o'clock when a long freight train came lumbering by, switched off a car or two, then dragged its slow length onward. This created a brief diversion, then once more I was deserted.

The next passenger train was not due till ten o'clock. I lit the lamps and resigned myself with questionable patience to the intervening hours. An agreeable interruption came in the form of my supper, which was brought in a waterproof basket by a sort of jack-at-all-trades whom we called Jake. Shaking himself like a great dog, he "lowed there wa'n't much more water left up yonder nobow."

"I hope not, indeed," I said, glad of the sound of a human voice. "Jake!" I called, as he left the office, "come back as soon as you can—I may want you."

I had a vague idea of dispatching some sort of report to Ellen that I had not been entirely washed away, and obtaining similar comfort as to her own fate. I little thought I should really need him.

I think I am not by nature more timid than other men, but as the dismal evening closed in I took from my desk two revolvers kept ready for possible emergencies, and laid one upon the desk where I was making freight entries, and the other on the table where the electric battery stood. At intervals a fresh package for the night express was brought by some dripping carrier, who deposited it, got his receipt, hung about for a few

moments, then hastened away to more comfortable quarters.

Still the rain poured in torrents. It must have been nearly nine o'clock when a wagon, hurriedly driven, stopped suddenly at the platform. In a moment the door was flung open, and I saw a small ambulance well known about the village. Two men sprang out, and, with the aid of the driver and his assistant, proceeded to lift out a box which from its dimensions could contain only one kind of freight, to wit, the remains of a human being.

Carefully placing this box in a remote corner of the room, near other boxes awaiting transportation, the driver and his man returned to their wagon, while the two strangers approached the desk to enter their ghastly freight. They wore slouched hats, and were very wet. They produced a death certificate of one John Slate, who had died at a farmhouse several miles away, of a non-contagious complaint, and was to be shipped to friends down the road. This was all. There was nothing singular about it, and yet, when the door closed upon the strangers and I was again alone, or worse than alone, a feeling of awe came over me. Clearly the storm had somewhat unstrung me.

Only one hour till the train was due, after which I could turn in for the night.

A louder peal of thunder shook the house, and fiercer flashed the lightning. Minute after minute went by, and each seemed an age. The roar and din of the elements only deepened the gloom inside, where the uncertain kerosene darkened the shadows.

Suddenly, to my overstrained nerves, the ceaseless clicking of the wires seemed to say, "Watch the box—watch the box—watch the box." As a particular strain of melody will at times repeat itself in the mind, and obstinately keep time to every movement, till one is well-nigh distracted, so this refrain began to enchain every sense: "Watch the box—watch the box—watch the box." Till now my depressed spirits were due only to the solitude and the storm. No suspicion of evil or danger had tormented me.

Peering more closely into the dingy corner, I saw only the ordinary pine box, with what seemed to be a square paper, or placard, on the side facing me. Probably the address, bunglingly adjusted on the side instead of the top, or else a stain of mud from the late rough drive. At all events I was not curious enough to approach more nearly the ghostly visitant.

Ten minutes had crept by, when a muffled noise in the dark corner distinctly sounded above the pelting raindrops, while, as if to mock at my quickened fears, the wires continued their monotonous warning, "Watch the box—watch the box—watch the box." I did watch the box, and as by inspiration I grasped the situation. There was indeed a man in the box, but not a dead one. A living man, who had boldly lent himself to a plot to rob or murder me, perhaps both.

I remembered the straggler who had surprised me while at the safe, several hours before. He had doubtless followed Colonel Holloway and witnessed the money transaction. Quick and fast flew my thoughts in the startled endeavor to grasp some plan of action. Single-handed I was no match for any man, having recently recovered from an attack of malarial fever. This one in the box (if indeed there were one) must mean to secure his prize before the train was due, and escape the consequences. He must have accomplices, and these were doubtless on watch, waiting either to give or to receive a signal. At least it was not probable that he would undertake the job alone, and the fact that he had confederates had already appeared.

Perhaps the sight of my pistols had delayed the attack. Perhaps some part of their plan had miscarried and caused delay. At all events I must be cool. I fancied I saw his eyes through the dark patch on the box. I was almost sure he was slowly lifting the lid. There was no help near, and much might be done in the time still to elapse before the train was due.

Quietly walking to the battery, I feigned to take a message. In reality I sent one to the conductor of the on-coming express, as the only device whereby I could secure assistance, and this would doubtless be too late. Yet it was all that I could do just now.

With every sense on the alert, I arose to secrete my keys if possible, when the door burst open, and Frank Morris, my future brother-in-law, rushed in, followed by a huge dog that was Ellen's special pet and attendant.

"Confound you!" said Frank, spluttering about, and shaking himself as vigorously as the dog. "I'll be blowed if ever I go on such another fool's errand as this."

"Why, you are pretty well 'blowed' now," I said, with a poor attempt to be funny, but immensely relieved. "I never was so glad to see anybody in my life!" and I meant it.

"There it is," he said; "make much of it," as he cleverly flipped a little white missive over to me. "Such billing and cooing I never want to see again. Regular spoons, by Jove! Can't go to sleep till she knows you haven't been melted, or washed away, or something. And Cato must come along to see that her precious brother doesn't get lost. Ugh! Lie down, over there, old fellow!" Then to me he said: "Here, help me out of this wet thing."

But I was engrossed, just then, and ridding himself of the offending garment, the broad-shouldered young athlete strode about in mock impatience.

"Heavens! what a night!" he exclaimed. "What time does your train pass? Ten? Just three minutes. I guess I'll stay; but we'll have that young daniel floating down here if she doesn't hear pretty soon. Hello, Cato! What's the matter?" as the dog gave a low growl. "What's that in the corner, Bowen?"

The dog continued to growl and look suspiciously about as the young fellow rattled on.

"That," I said, "is a dead man."

"Humph!" he laughed. "Jolly good company for such a night. I say, Bowen, you've got a nice toy there," and he took up the pistol that lay on the table. Meanwhile I had scrawled on a piece of paper, which I quietly placed near the pistol: "The man in the box is a burglar. Be ready for an attack."

"Oho! that's the game!" he said, aloud, and instantly strode across the room, as Cato sprang up and barked furiously at the box. Simultaneously the top of the box flew up, and uttering a shrill whistle, the man sprang to a sitting posture, while through the wide-flung door the other two ruffians appeared with pistols cocked. At once there began a deadly struggle. The dog had leaped upon the box and knocked the "dead" man's pistol out of his hand, as Frank shouted, "Tsho, Cato!" unwilling that the dog should tear him to pieces, but wishing to keep him at bay.

"Your keys!" yelled the other men; "or by heavens you'll drop!"

Instantly closing in, man to man, the fierce struggle went on amid shouts, curses and pistol-shots.

"Call off your cursed dog!" screamed the "dead" man continually.

The encounter, which had occupied scarcely a minute, was at its deadliest, both Frank and I endeavoring to disarm rather than kill, when the whistle of the train sounded, and in another moment the conductor and his men were among us.

"Seize that scoundrel!" shouted Frank, breathlessly, indicating the man in the box. "Here, Cato!" and the obedient animal unwillingly retired, but continued his savage growls.

At this juncture my man fell heavily to the floor, wounded in the leg, and uttering groans and imprecations. It was quick work to secure the men, and Jake, who opportunely reappeared, was sent to summon the village police. Some of the passengers, impatient at the delay, had got wind of the adventure, and now crowded into the station in no little excitement. The box was found to have a false side-piece, next the wall, which was easily pushed down by the man inside, for greater comfort in his cramped position; and there were besides a number of air-holes. It was the moving of this side-panel that caused the muffled noise I had heard.

I was questioned in all possible ways, and the curiosity of the passengers was fully gratified amid the clamor of the prisoners, who continually swore at each other.

"What did you wait so infernally long for?" said one of them, glaring at the "dead" man.

"What was your infernal hurry?" retorted the other, sarcastically.

It was plain from the quarrel which ensued that the sight of my pistols, and my evident uneasiness, together with the effect of the fearful storm, had unsettled the fellow's plan and robbed him of his presence of mind. While puzzling as to the safest course, the sudden entrance of Frank and the dog had precipitated the catastrophe.

The men were conducted to the County Jail, and I was the hero of the hour, although I could not claim much credit for personal valor in the matter.

Was it Fate or Providence that befriended me? But for my presentiment, or whatever it was, I should have urged Frank's immediate return to my anxious betrothed. But for her loving anxiety he never would have come down on such a night. But for the dog one of us must have been killed. And first of all, but for the instinctive sense of danger the telegraph wires would never have spoken a warning to my excited fancy; and this manifest feeling of apprehension, though I strove hard to conceal it, held the man in the box at bay.

The practical result of the episode was a more commodious station-house, and more men on duty. My salary was raised; but eventually I gave up the situation because my wife could never feel satisfied to have me perform night work after the fearful experience I have related.

As to Frank, he is not backward with explosive English whenever the subject is mentioned, and no amount of persuasion could ever reconcile Cato to the old station-room.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE NEW CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, is the son of Mr. James Maitland Balfour and Lady Blanche Cecil, daughter of the second Marquis of Salisbury. He is thirty-nine years old, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and has shown literary ability in one published work. He has enjoyed the advantage of being private secretary to his uncle, Lord Salisbury; and he accompanied the noble Marquis and Lord Beaconsfield to Berlin at the "Peace with Honor" Conference. He sat in Parliament for Hertford from 1874 to 1885, and now represents East Manchester. Mr. Parnell described Balfour, upon the latter's installation in his present office, as "one who has entered upon a task of bloodshed in Ireland with a light heart." The new Secretary has already shown his teeth in the affair of Father Keller's arrest; and the Coercion Act will extend his powers—unless it be defeated by the valiant fight which the Grand Old Man leads against it.

THE WOUNDED FROM MASSOWAH.

Forty-five of the wounded survivors of the Italian troops who were so disastrously defeated at Saati arrived at Naples on February 22d. Great preparations had been made to receive them, and subscriptions on their behalf had poured in on all sides. The Municipality voted a gold watch to Captain Michelini, while to each soldier was presented a savings bank book with an entry of fifty lire. On the arrival of the *San Gottardo* with the wounded men, the latter were at once landed at the arsenal—the officers, the Syndic, and the Prefect being present. The wounded were placed on eleven ambulances, and, preceded by firemen, were

conveyed to the Military Hospital through a line kept by hundreds of associations with their flags, backed by half the population of Naples, all the shops being closed. On entering the Via Roma all the houses were decorated with flags; the balconies, terraces, and roofs were covered with people, who, preserving the deepest silence, showered flowers and leaves on the passing wagons. Only a few men could be seen in the ambulances, smiling faintly at their reception. Very few could raise their hands in acknowledgment of their welcome.

THE ST. ETIENNE MINE DISASTER.

St. Etienne is a large town situated thirty-two miles southwest of Lyons, and the centre of the extensive coal-fields of the Department of the Loire. The mine called La Culaite, in the western part of the town, was the scene of a fearful disaster on March 1st, when a fire-damp explosion entombed 111 miners, and shook the surface of the ground above so severely that many buildings were cracked. The sad scenes which followed were similar to those with which we are but too well acquainted through the catastrophes of the Pennsylvania coal-fields. Nor was the work of rescue and help begun less promptly. In a very few hours the men imprisoned in the upper galleries were reached, but those below were past saving. The number of dead was at least seventy-five, and many who were carried to the hospital had little chance of life. The Government promptly extended aid to the bereaved families, and subscriptions were opened for their benefit.

JAPANESE FIREMEN.

The recent destruction by fire of the Legation of France, in the Nagatatcho quarter of Tokio, Japan, was the occasion of the calling out of the grotesque native fire brigade, as represented in our picture. The Japanese firemen are all volunteers, and work under the direction of the police officers. Their only reward, besides the glory of the thing, is the cask of *sake* which is placed at their disposal at every fire, to encourage them at the pumps. In the instance which we illustrate, they did not succeed in saving the building. The day happened to be that of their annual parade, when the fire-bells are sounded from morning until night; so that when a genuine alarm was given it was not heeded until too late.

THE MEMPHIS "RAMSES II."

This colossal statue (presented many years since to England by the Egyptian Government) was, until recently, lying in a pool of water, rather resembling the back of a fossil crocodile than a portion of one of the finest examples of Egyptian sculpture. The scene has now changed, thanks to the initiative of General Stevenson, and the exertions of Major Bagnold, R. E., assisted by three sappers and half a dozen natives, who have effected a complete transformation. The black-robed sheiks and elders of the neighboring villages watch the work with grave and silent awe. They speak of the colossus as "The Father of Terrors." England possesses, in this colossus, a perfect specimen of ancient art, which will form one of the most important artistic treasures of the British Museum. Little more labor will be required to fit the colossus for removal. This will be effected by building a timber pontoon round the statue, and floating it into the river at high tide. To do this, a cutting will be made through the railway embankment, and the pontoon floated along it to Alexandria. Thence it will be towed to Malta, where suitable apparatus exists for hoisting it out of the pontoon, and shipping it in the same manner as a heavy gun. The weight is estimated at 100 tons.

THE NEW NAPOLEONIC MAUSOLEUM.

The ex-Empress Eugénie, whose English residence is Farnborough Hill, has recently caused to be erected on an elevation overlooking a wide stretch of country, and rendered very picturesque by a grove of fir and chestnut trees, a spacious edifice, which is intended to serve as the place of worship for the scattered members of the Roman Catholic community inhabiting her house and the neighborhood, and also as the mausoleum wherein the bodies of the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial are to be deposited, on their removal from St. Mary's, Chislehurst. The church, which is cruciform in plan, with a dome over the crossing, is vaulted in stone throughout, and has a crypt under the chancel. It has been built by Mr. Conder, from the designs of a French architect, and is a favorable specimen of the transition between the Flamboyant and Renaissance styles which is so popular in rural France.

GERMAN MERCANTILE ENTERPRISE.

GERMAN merchants and capitalists continue to bestow attention to large commercial enterprises in South America. In the Argentine Republic, for instance, they propose to reclaim a vast swamp which, once drained, must inevitably be richly productive, and this undertaking will require a capital of \$40,000,000, which will be raised at Berlin and Amsterdam. Recently the Berlin bankers took up and floated successfully an Argentine loan which had been refused in London. In this way the Germans are gaining prestige in Spanish America. In Mexico the Germans are crowding English merchants out of branches of trade held by them for half a century. In some branches the French have in turn pushed out the Germans, owing to their more economical methods; but as it stands to-day, the German mercantile community there is very numerous and influential. In Central America and Brazil, as well as on the west coast of South America, the Teuton is not less ubiquitous, and it is also to be noted that where he once obtains a foothold he is there to stay. He never lets go his grip.

RUSSIA'S POLITICAL POLICE.

THAT the Russian political police never forgives is pretty well known. Here is an illustration. In the year 1830 Stanislaus Jablonowski, the son of a Polish country gentleman, was appointed from one of the military schools at St. Petersburg to a commission in a regiment, and had leave to visit his home before joining. While he was still with his family the Polish insurrection broke out, and the lad was ordered by his father to join the insurgents. He did so, much against his own will (as he told me), his Russian military education having somewhat blunted his patriotism; but as his father threatened him with the paternal curse in case of disobedience, he threw in his lot with the patriots. When, the next year, the insurrection was extinguished, young Jablonowski was fortunate enough to escape through Wallachia to Turkey, where he entered the regiment of Cosacks of the Guards (then chiefly composed of Christians of all nationalities, officered by Poles, the commander

being General Czaykowski Pasha). In this regiment he rose gradually to the rank of adjutant-major, and left the service, infirm and broken in health, about 1875, obtaining a small berth of \$15 or \$20 a month as assistant surveyor of roads in the district of Siluen. Here he vegetated quietly till 1877, and, unfortunately for himself, elected to stay in the town of Siluen until the entry of the Russians, never dreaming that he would be punished for having fought against the Russians forty-seven years previously. But the police section of the army which occupied Siluen brought with it seven photographs of persons who were "wanted," and among them was a portrait of Jablonowski, taken six years previously at Adrianople. Although arrested, he was at first treated very leniently, and invited daily to dinner by officers who knew his story; but a few weeks afterwards orders were received to convey him to the Danube headquarters, and he was sent under escort with a commissariat transport caravan. At first he was allowed to sit on a baggage-wagon, from which, after an hour or so, he was forced to alight and walk. For some distance he managed to make his way through the snow and mud, then fell, was flogged with the national whip (*nabika*) till he stumbled up and proceeded a few more paces; then he fell a second time, and, flogging proving useless, he was shot through the head, and his corpse left lying by the roadside.

PROHIBITION IN RHODE ISLAND.

PROHIBITION in Rhode Island went into effect on the 1st of July last, and therefore six months of experience may be recorded. The Providence *Journal* gives the following statement of police work in Providence for the term of six months from July 1st to January 1st in the year 1885 (under license), and 1886 (under prohibition), respectively:

	1885.	1886.
Total arrests.....	3,824	2,279
For drunkenness.....	2,457	1,423
Common drunkards.....	60	29
Assaults.....	96	71
Disturbances suppressed.....	1,000	638
Brawlers, revelers and disorderly persons.....	103	69
Vagrants and sturdy beggars.....	108	49

The *Journal* says editorially: "The most obvious result of the law is the abolition of open selling to any and all comers. Throughout the State the public saloon is reported unknown. This, of course, is a very decided gain. The temptations placed in the way of the young and heedless by open barrooms at every corner have been removed; and in consequence, taking the State as a whole, there was a marked falling off in drunkenness and cognate offenses during the last six months of 1886 as compared with the corresponding period of 1885. . . . In a word, the present state of affairs is this: The law has reduced the amount of drunkenness that was seen under the license system, and has so far conduced to the general improvement of many hitherto disorderly localities."

THE NEW NAVY.

THE New York *Times* thinks that the late Congress is entitled to much more credit than it has received for what it has done to increase the naval establishment, without materially adding to the financial burdens of the people and without making such a heavy demand upon the revenue of the Government as to make it unsafe to reduce taxation. Under the provisions of the recent Acts of Congress, the year 1890 will see 12 new cruisers, 4 gunboats and 5 monitors in commission. There will also be the famous *Stiletto*, a first-class torpedo-boat, and at least \$2,000,000 worth of floating batteries for harbor defense. The speed of the new vessels will range from 13 knots up to the highest that modern shipbuilders can obtain, and they will be armed with 6, 8, 10 and 12-inch steel rifled guns. There will be 126 of these heavy modern guns, exclusive of the number to be put on the latest two cruisers provided for and the armament of which has not yet been decided upon. The *Times* thinks there is no reason to fear that the Fifth Congress and those which follow it will do nothing for the Navy, so that it is likely that when the vessels mentioned are all in commission, more than one shipyard will be filled with workmen engaged in building other cruisers, gunboats and floating batteries to be added to the war fleet.

MME. NILSSON AND THE EARTHQUAKE.

A Paris letter in the New York *Tribune* says: "The hotel where she stopped was much shaken, but not utterly ruined. However, it was too much damaged for the lodgers—who rushed out of it at three o'clock in the morning, in a scare that deprived all the men of manliness and the ladies of modesty—to venture back into it. Mme. Nilsson made her escape clad in a sheet and blanket, in which garments she went all the way to Marseilles. On the journey she caught a severe cold, which has kept her in bed since she arrived there. Her future stepdaughter was in a toilet no less improvised and unusual, and Señor Angel de Miranda was in a flannel nightgown and a muslin coverlet, which he snatched up before he rushed out of his bedroom. The common danger which they experienced and the devotion the Spaniard showed to the Swedish Nightingale drew closer their bonds of love and removed her hesitation to burn a second time a torch at Hymen's altar. She declares that she is done for ever with the Riviera, but she intends often to go to Madrid."

THE ARAB SOLDIER.

THE Arab looks very well on horseback, though he might not altogether suit the taste of Americans. His saddle is generally red, peaked before and behind, and placed upon several colored felt saddle-cloths; the stirrup broadens out so as to give a wide space for the foot to rest on; it is pointed at the corners, enabling the rider to tear the horse's ribs even without the aid of a pointed stick or a steel spear-like spur, which he often pushes between his slipper and the stirrup side. The Arab soldier, with his white burnoose fluttering behind him, his high red saddle and saddle-cloths, his knees high and body bent forward, with his long silver-mounted gun flourishing in the air, looks, as he gallops forward in a cloud of dust, the very embodiment of the picturesque, exultant war spirit of past ages, not sobered down by scientific formulas for murder, but free to carry out his bloodthirsty purposes with as much swagger and ostentation as possible. As a horse-

man, the Arab may be said to have an excellent seat, but an execrable hand. He loves to keep his beast's head high in the air, and so he ceaselessly joggles at the bit, until one wonders how the brute can put his feet safely down; yet he does, somehow. No one rides camels in this country, but the Sultan is said to have some very fleet dromedaries capable of doing marvelous journeys; and, of course, in those parts of Morocco which merge into the Sahara the camel is indispensable. The Barbary donkey is a short-legged, long-suffering, indispensable beast. It is easy to comprehend the ass existing without Tangier, but it is impossible to conceive Tangier existing without the ass. His patient little body bears every possible burden, from the foreign Minister's wife, for example, who sits upon the pack with great dignity, and, preceded by her Moorish soldier, pays calls to other Ministers' wives, to the latest thing in iron bedsteads to be sold in the public market.

A MANAGER'S EXPERIENCE IN PERSIA.

A FRENCHMAN, one M. Leger, knowing the Shah's partiality for European revels, has just taken an opera bouffe company to the Persian capital. He was certain that the Shah would honor the first night, and that all the big bashaws would follow their monarch's example. And so they did, not only in coming to the show, but in what they did when they got there. The curtain had not been up twenty minutes when M. Leger received a note from His Majesty making a handsome bid for three of the chorus ladies. Before the piece was over the puzzled manager was in possession of cash offers for the whole of the female members of his company. The tastes of the bashaws in the audience were varied; in most cases each would-be suitor had selected a blonde and a brunette, and one rich old general from the Caucasus offered to transfer the whole bevy of twenty-four Parisiennes to his harem. On the state of the audience being made known to the interested parties they flatly refused to perform again, and M. Leger, half ruined, has betaken himself and his company to the less combustible atmosphere of St. Petersburg.

ARTIFICIAL PRECIOUS STONES.

ARTIFICIAL precious stones, the *Popular Science Monthly* states, have become an important article of trade. The products of some of the shops would almost deceive an expert, but the test of hardness is still infallible. The beautiful "French paste," from which imitation diamonds are made, is a kind of glass with a mixture of oxide of lead. The more of the latter the brighter the stone, but also the softer, and this is a serious defect. The imitation stones are now so perfectly made, and are so satisfactory to those who are not very particular, that their influence begins to be felt in the market for real stones. By careful selection of the ingredients and skill and attention in manipulation, the lustre, color, fire and water of the choicest stones are, to the eyes of the layman, fully reproduced. There are a few delicacies of color that cannot be perfectly given, for they depend on some undecipherable peculiarities of molecular arrangement, and not on chemical composition; but the persons who buy the stones know nothing of that. Yet Sidot, a French chemist, has nearly reproduced these peculiarities, including the dichroism of the sapphire, with a composition of which the base is phosphate of lime. Two other French chemists—Frémy and Feil—have produced rubies and sapphires having the same composition with the genuine stones and nearly equal hardness.

A NEW HOTEL AT OLD POINT.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* says: "It is rather a significant fact that while hundreds of Bills of a private nature failed to obtain recognition during the last hours of Congress, Speaker Carlisle recognized those having in charge one for permitting John Chamberlain, the Washington caterer, to erect a hotel on the Government reservation at Fortress Monroe. A division was called for, and two-thirds of the Representatives voted that the Bill should be considered. It was passed. Other Bills failed to reach the President, but this one was laid before him at the last moment and signed, all of which shows the power of terrapin and Clignot judiciously served. Our fortifications may be neglected; our navy may be disgracefully small; our unfinished public works may rot; but John Chamberlain is to have the privilege of building a tavern on a public reservation at Fortress Monroe, where a large and well-kept hotel already exists."

AN INDIAN RESERVATION PURCHASED.

THE authorized agents of the Interior Department have just succeeded in buying from the Indian tribes of Montana the greater part of the enormous reservation which covers the northern half of that Territory, and which has been coveted for many years by the settlers in that vicinity. Something more than 17,500,000 acres will thus be thrown open for public settlement, and as it is very desirable country, there is no doubt that it will soon be occupied. In Montana, as in Oregon and Washington Territory, the reservations are said to be out of all proportion to the needs of the Indians, but they cover the very choicest sections of land, and upon this ground the purchases are justified by settlers and speculators. At what figure the lands were obtained the Western papers do not state, but the history of a century's negotiations with the Indians leaves little ground on which to base the hope that they were fairly treated for once since the days of Penn.

THE NEGRO'S ORIGIN.

"It is an interesting circumstance, and perhaps not a singular one," says a distinguished ethnologist, "that wherever the negro races have come in contact with the whites they have been much perplexed to account for the fact that they have been created black while other men have been created white. And they have, in this situation, invariably set to work to account for the discrimination by inventing some myth to cover it. These modern-made myths are almost always picturesque, and not usually complimentary to the blacks themselves. The other day I came across an odd story by means of which the negroes of Brazil account for their existence. It runs thus: 'At the creation of Adam, Satan set about imitating the work, and, taking a quantity of sand, succeeded quite well in making a man. But as everything that Satan touches becomes black, his

man was naturally of that color. Seeing this, Satan undertook to wash him white in the River Jordan, but the water flowed back as soon as he approached it, and there was nothing left but a very little water in the bottom of the stream, which just covered the bottom of the man's feet and the palms of his hands; which explains the fact that their hands and feet are not as dark as the rest of their bodies.

"Furious at discovering that his attempt was in vain, Satan struck his poor creature a terrible blow upon the nose, which flattened it out for ever. The unhappy man asked for mercy, whereupon Satan, realizing that his condition was not his own fault, and feeling a certain amount of pity for him, passed his hand in a sort of caress over the man's head; but the terrible heat of the hand served the purpose of a curling iron, and 'frizzed' the hair so that it has remained woolly ever since."

TWO SENATORIAL COOKS.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the New York *Sun* writes: "Senator Edmunds makes a soup that is said to be unequalled for delicacy, and he can prepare a beef-tea that would cause a professional to smack his lips, and the Senator sometimes recreates a mind worn out with subtleties by taking off his coat, putting on an apron and preparing a calf's-foot jelly after an old Vermont recipe. It comes forth from his hand a translucent, quivering mass of sweet solidity, and his friends are in doubt whether he most enjoys preparing it or eating it. And again: Whoever ate a trout that Senator Frye prepared and then wondered why he was up in arms on the fisheries question? And then the Senator is no mean artist in the preparation of fried potatoes, which is his inevitable side dish with small trout prepared as pan fish. Mr. Frye can slice the potatoes into pieces of accurately even thickness, and under his skillful hand they leave the frying-pan the color of a Penobscot oak-leaf in October. Mr. Frye confesses to a weakness for potatoes, and he says that the potato is the most abused vegetable, by abominable cooking, that we have."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A COMPOUND of common salt, alum, soluble glass and tungstate of soda is successfully used in Austria and Switzerland for the extinction of fires.

PRELIMINARY tests have shown that iron cooled while a strong current of electricity was passing through it was increased fully one-half in tensile strength and ductility.

AN automatic toll-taking device for public telephones is being experimented with. The dropping of a coin of sufficient size and weight completes the electric circuit.

M. LACOMBE, a Frenchman, has succeeded in taking long-distance photographs by fixing a telescope in front of the objective of the camera. The apparatus promises usefulness to tourists and other amateurs.

AN extremely useful cement for experimental use is made from equal quantities of gutta-percha and white-pine pitch melted together. The compound should be without lumps. It improves by remelting, and softens at about the temperature of boiling water.

A NEW style of paving-block, for which are claimed some special advantages, is composed of a hollow iron shell filled with any desired concrete, the shells being arched underneath, and for street-paving are some four inches wide, and from ten to twelve long.

FRENCH physicians claim to have found out by experiments upon rabbits that tuberculosis may be cured by the administration of tannin. Over fifty cases of phthisis have been treated by giving tannin in doses of from two to four grams daily, and improvement was perceptible in two weeks, the patients increasing in weight.

PROFESSOR DAVIDSON says that the Lick telescope will unveil stars of one-degree fainter magnitude than can be detected by the instruments now in use. This would be no small gain. A correspondingly increased power ought to add to our knowledge of Mars, which is the planet of most immediate interest to observers on this globe.

PARAFFINE has a higher resistance than mica, gutta-percha or shellac. Even when not subjected to mechanical strains it becomes cracked, though the openings are not visible to the eye. The insulating power becomes lessened, especially if it be in contact with water. Of all the varieties that are sold under the name of paraffine, only that which has the highest boiling point and is clear and hard should be used.

A SO-CALLED vulcanized varnish is recommended by the *Zeitschrift für Maschinenbau und Schlosserei*. This is ordinary linseed-oil varnish, containing five to ten per cent. of sulphur. A solution of flowers of sulphur in hot turpentine-oil is prepared, to which a corresponding quantity of linseed-oil varnish is added, and the whole well stirred. This mixture preserves metals against oxidation by transforming their surfaces into sulphuric combinations. By mixing vulcanized varnish with non-metallic coloring substances, or with a solution of asphalt, excellent water-proof paint is obtained for application in any color to metallic substances.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MARCH 20TH.—In Baltimore, Md., Christian Ax, the well-known tobacco manufacturer, aged 64 years; in New York, Judge Augustus Requier, aged 61 years. MARCH 21st.—In New York, General William G. Mank, aged 56 years; at Bergen Point, N. J., James W. Trask, an old member of the New York Produce Exchange, aged 70 years; in Bradford, Vt., Edward C. Redington, a leading financier, aged 76 years; in Washington, D. C., M. A. La Tane, Chief Clerk of the Headquarters of the Army. MARCH 24th.—In Boston, Mass., General Samuel M. Quincy, aged 75 years; in Canadensis, Pa., Rees Lewis, formerly a well-known temperance reformer, aged 97 years; in New York, Sister Margaret Brennan, Mother Superior of the Order of the Sacred Heart, aged 75 years; in Boston, Mass., Charles E. Sellon, marine editor of the *Advertiser*. MARCH 25th.—In New York, Benjamin Coe Wandell, merchant, etc., aged 63 years; in New York, Edward Harriman, formerly of the firm of Harriman & Jerome; in Jamaica, L. I., James M. Oakley, President of the New York, Woodhaven and Rockaway Railroad, aged 49 years; in New York, John Rider, formerly a well-known real estate owner, aged 72 years; in England, Arthur Farre, M. D., F. R. S., the celebrated surgeon and writer, aged 76 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SPEAKER CARLISLE and his wife are going to Europe for the Summer.

EX-SECRETARY MANNING reached Liverpool last week, in somewhat improved health.

MR. BLAINE will go to Europe in June, after making an extensive tour through the West.

THE presents received by Emperor William on his birthday are sufficient to fill five furniture-vans.

MAYOR CARTER HARRISON has declined a re-nomination, owing to the popular revolt against his candidacy.

CARDINAL VANNUCELLI has been definitely appointed to succeed Cardinal Jacobini as Papal Secretary of State.

It seems to be settled that Governor Hill of New York is in the race for the Democratic Presidential nomination next year.

SENATOR DON CAMERON was so greatly benefited by his sojourn in California last year, that he is going to try it again this year.

KING MILAN has taken a first prize for a play submitted anonymously among a mass of others to a jury of the National Theatre at Belgrade.

THE Emperor of Russia has conferred the Order of the White Eagle on Count Herbert Bismarck, son of the German Chancellor. This is not one of the old Russian Orders.

It is said that Mrs. Langtry will marry Mr. Frederick Gebhard as soon as the legal impediments to such a marriage in England can be removed by a divorce.

GENERAL SHERIDAN still keeps the old army ambulance which he had fitted up as a carriage, and much prefers it to the fashionable coupé which he had to adopt when he married.

It is stated that Sir John Macdonald, the head of the Canadian Government, is to be elevated to the Peerage, and made the successor of Lord Lansdowne as Governor-general.

EDWIN BOOTH has had one of the greatest successes in the history of the legitimate drama in San Francisco. During his first week (seven performances) the receipts were \$22,000, and for the second week they reached \$18,000.

REV. JUSTIN DEWEY FULTON, D. D., late pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle Church in Brooklyn, has given up his pulpit and started out in a crusade against Romanism. There does not seem to be much alarm in the menaced Church.

REV. DR. CURRY, American Minister to Spain, has become very popular in Madrid society, and is particularly friendly with Mgr. Rampolla, who has lately declined to be the Papal Secretary of State in succession to Cardinal Jacobini.

GENERAL ANNEKOFF, the constructor of the Russian Transcaspian Railway, is a man of 55 years of age, full of vigor, energy and hope; he is almost idealistic, despite his gray hairs. Three years ago he married a beautiful young lady, 20 years old, member of a rich German family.

SIR CHARLES DILKE retains much of his popularity in Chelsea. He has adopted extreme Radical views, and puts them into practice, fraternizing with the humblest people, and being ever ready to aid them with his plethoric purse. It is confidently expected that he will be returned to Parliament at the first opportunity.

EX-SENATOR EATON thinks that Mr. Blaine would be nominated if the Republican Convention were held to-morrow, but adds that Sherman would make the strongest fight before the people. Mr. Eaton also says that Mr. Edmunds would make the best President of them all, and concludes by saying that Allison will be elected if nominated.

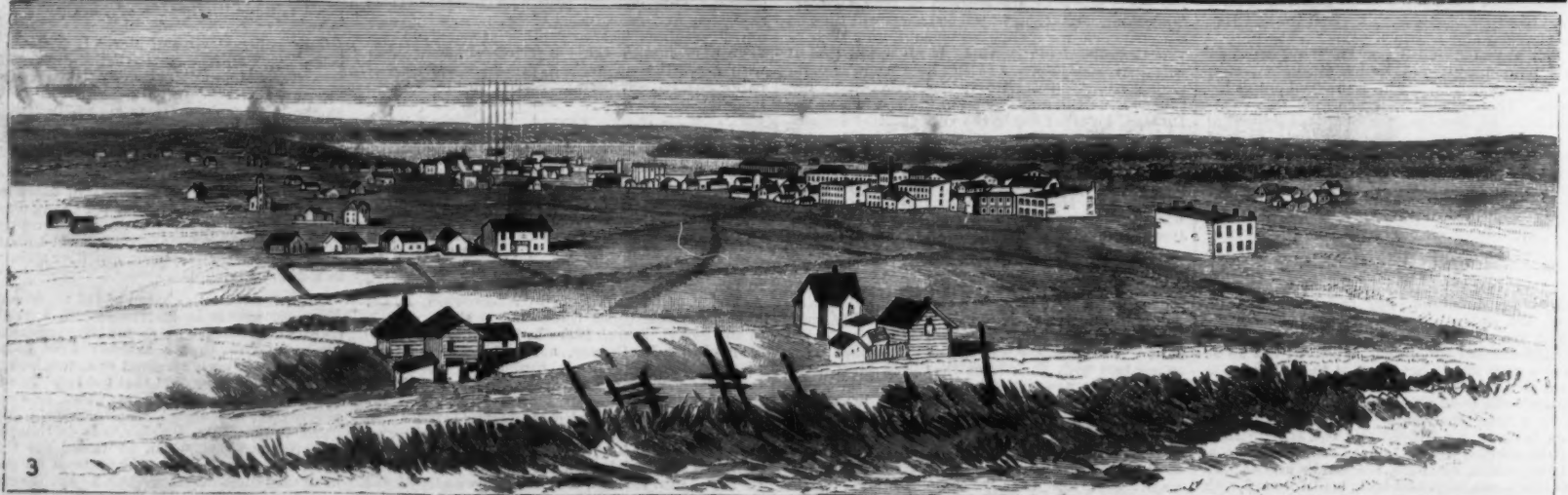
MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, has added another to his long list of good works by presenting a life-size oil portrait of General Grant to the Military Academy at West Point, where it is to occupy a conspicuous place in the new Grant Hall. The portrait is from the brush of Mrs. Helen Darragh, and is said to be an excellent likeness.

THE artist Gagliardi has been engaged to paint a portrait of Cardinal Gibbons. The picture will hang beside that of the Pope in the Cardinal's titular church. The coat-of-arms assumed by Cardinal Gibbons has in the centre a picture of the Immaculate Conception on a green background. The shield is surrounded by a Cardinal's hat.

A PICTURE called "Deserted," by Mosler, the American artist, and which is to figure in the Paris Salon, is spoken of in very high terms. It is a large canvas, and represents a sick Indian girl, her mother, and an aged squaw, being abandoned on the Western plains by their tribe. Mr. Bridgman, another American artist of much repute, has a piece representing a view of the City of Algiers.

THE zither-playing of Fräulein Kitty Berger is becoming identified, in aesthetic circles, with the most delightful and dainty of musical treats. The young artiste announces a grand *soirée musicale* at the Metropolitan Opera House, next Saturday evening, the 2d inst. The event will be under distinguished social and artistic patronage, and a most interesting programme is promised. Under Fräulein Berger's magical touch, the romantic zither becomes an instrument of extraordinary power and compass—now filling the house with a harp-like breadth of tone, now murmuring the merest breath of melody, like that Eolian music which the wind awakens on sensitive strings. She is a genuine virtuoso.

THE committee in charge of the movement for a memorial tribute to Mr. Beecher in Brooklyn are considering various plans for commemorating his memory. One, that a Beecher Free Library be founded, has been received with much favor. It has also been suggested that the fund be raised to endow the Brooklyn Library, which now contains nearly 100,000 volumes, and to make it free and name it after Mr. Beecher. It is thought that \$150,000 or \$200,000 can be raised for this purpose, and the library could at once be made the most useful memorial possible to Mr. Beecher. It is also proposed that his library be purchased and added to the collection, and a statue of Mr. Beecher be placed in a conspicuous position in the building now occupied by the library. Amherst College's memorial of Mr. Beecher will be a \$50,000 endowment of the Professorship of Physical Culture.



1. VIEW OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD BRIDGE, BISMARCK. 2. FAMILIES FLYING BEFORE THE INCOMING FLOODS ON THE RIVER BOTTOMS NEAR BISMARCK. MARCH 18TH. 3. THE TOWN OF MANDAN SURROUNDED BY WATER.

DAKOTA.—THE FLOODS IN THE UPPER MISSOURI—THE COUNTRY SOUTH AND WEST OF BISMARCK TOTALLY SUBMERGED
FROM PHOTOS BY D. F. BARRY, BISMARCK, D. T.—SEE PAGE 101.



"SPIRITS" AND THEIR MANIFESTATIONS.—AN EVENING SEANCE.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 101.

A WEB OF FATE:

A ROMANCE OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

By LIEUTENANT RODNEY.

CHAPTER IV.—SEEKING A REFUGE.

"The hills were brown, the heavens were blue, a woodpecker pounded a pine-top shell, while a partridge whistled the whole day through. For a rabbit to dance in a chaparral and a gray grouse drummed, 'All's well, all's well.'"

THERE were but three passengers in the stage with Moray and Hilda that night. Moray was established as comfortably as possible on the back seat, propped with a pillow, to save jarring; the driver agreed to be careful, and Hilda anxiously followed Chelmy's directions and kept the bandages wet, Kenneth comforting himself with the thought that at Vulture he could have the bullet extracted from his arm and his wounds dressed. The first half of the journey was a slow rise, the road very good so long as it lay over the mesa. After about eight miles, and just past the scene of the giant-powder adventure, they came upon the wreck of an old mining camp, where mud walls had been built up in a circle, so that mining teams carrying ores from the Vulture mines to the mills on the Hasyampa Creek could make their first camp there. Kenneth was in too great pain to rest; his nervous excitement made him talkative, and as usual his talk ran on the themes of the country—mining adventures and sudden deaths.

"There is not a mile of this road," said Kenneth, "where people have not been killed by Indians between '60 and '73."

"What! stage travelers such as we are?" asked Hilda.

"No; miners and freighters hauling ores from Vulture. They're gone now, those Indians, or quieted. Soldiers at Prescott, constant travel, and the telegraph wires, have composed the country—don't be afraid."

At Vulture they stopped for mail, express, and passengers. Search was at once made for the surgeon; he was gone. The continued presence of the bullet lodged in the muscles of the arm, half way between the elbow and the shoulder, provoking inflammation and fever, would be dangerous, but there was no help for it; they must move on towards Phoenix. Kenneth moaned and tossed, and Hilda, wetting bandages and bathing his face, foreshadowed frightful troubles. Suppose he should die, and she, a forlorn girl, with claims on no one, must go to his peaceful home and tell his mother that her son was dead!

At four, a light of yellow and rosy dawn lay along the desert, on the edge of which hung the little village of Seymour. Suddenly the stage was pulled up, and the driver shouted:

"Hooray, doctor! Got a case for you in the stage!"

"He's overhauled the doctor," cried Moray, lifting himself.

The passengers alighted; the doctor climbed into the stage. He had no instruments, and his only method of operation was clumsily to dig out the bullet with his penknife. Going into Seymour with his patient, he obtained some sweet oil and sherry for dressings, some camphor if he should be faint, and recommended him to put himself in charge of a physician at Phoenix as soon as possible.

At Seymour the road strikes the desert, a vast flat sweep of sand without water, and verdureless save for grama-grass, a dry, colorless hay, seemingly cured as it stands in the arid sand; in the distance rise the low hills, also verdureless. Along this desert the stage labored slowly, further burdened by two casks of water, which must be carried, as there is no drop of moisture on that dismal stretch. The sun rose fiercely hot; locusts shrilled in the chaparral, and brown-eyed rabbits peeped at them as they went by; the gaunt, twisted cacti only added to the desolation, and the dusty stage seemed a part of no civilization or interest in all the earth:

"It looks so like a lonesome ship that sails this ghostly, lonely sea. This dried-up desert sea," said he, "These tawny sands of Arizit."

At ten they reached Calderwood's, and Kenneth was in a high fever; his arm had been too closely bandaged; his eyes gleamed; he began at intervals to be flighty. Hilda now felt that all responsibility rested on her; if anything were to be done to save this young fellow, she must think of it. She suddenly asserted herself.

"You must be got into a bedroom, and have a man give you a good bath, with plenty of soda in it, and rub you well. While that is being done, I'll cook you a breakfast myself. Your arm is swelling all around those bandages, and I will have them loosened."

Kenneth resigned himself to her orders. The bath was given, while Hilda made a cup of gruel and a slice of toast; two more pillows were procured from the Calderwood hotel, Kenneth was again established in the stage, with Hilda to fan him and wet his bandages, and they set out for Phoenix—the coming capital of the State of Arizona, as well as the only agricultural town in the southern portion.

Slowly in the burning afternoon, above the sands of the desert, lifted a glorious mass of verdure, cottonwood and palo-verde trees, growing by perpetual moisture supplied from the Phoenix grand canal. Out of the sands and heat and blinding glare the stage rolled into the smooth, wide, shaded avenue, cooled by the *acequias* or irrigating ditches, slipping softly on either hand. Lulled by the blessed calm and coolness, Moray slept, and over him bent the sleepless Hilda, fanning him still. For half an hour they rode slowly through this refreshing avenue, and then drew up at the hotel. Hilda looked from the stage-door as Kenneth opened his eyes; she saw a tall boy on the sidewalk.

"Fly for your best doctor!" she cried, and the boy, used to Western misadventures, sped away like the wind.

The driver called two servants to come and take Kenneth in. The hotel was an adobe, one story high, built around a courtyard, with a fountain and grape arbor in the centre; it faced the spacious and shaded plaza.

"Put me in your best room," said Kenneth, "and send for a good man, as nurse, if you know of one. Put the young lady in a good room, and ask your wife to pay her attention—she is only traveling under my care."

Having thus done his best for Hilda, poor Kenneth fainted.

When he revived, both doctor and nurse were with him. His wound had been improperly bound up, owing to the haste and lack of suitable appliances at Seymour. When he had been made comfortable, and given an opiate, he heard the voice of Hilda at his door:

"Oh, I must see him; tell me how he is—is he to die? Oh, cannot something be done?"

"Certainly," said the doctor, "something will be done; he won't die; but he is booked here for a week."

"Bring her in," said Kenneth, and Hilda came to his bedside.

"I want you to eat, and rest, and don't worry," said Moray; "I shall be all right now. You can come in each day to see me, once or twice. I have a good man to wait on me. You can just tell the people that you are an orphan relative, going to my mother, under my care."

Next morning Hilda came to see Kenneth—her eyes were red.

"Is your room nice, and are people treating you well?" Kenneth asked.

"Oh, yes," said Hilda, a little quiver in her voice.

"What are you crying for?" asked Kenneth. "There's no need to cry. I shall be well in a little while, and you are on the way home."

"I've lost my locket," sobbed Hilda. "I had put it in a little box on my table, at the station, and I looked in the box to-day, and my locket is gone!"

Kenneth was deeply disgusted with a girl that could cry for a bit of jewelry. He wondered if all girls were like that. However, he controlled his indignation, and said: "Never mind, I'll buy you a locket."

"Not like this; this is a very peculiar locket," said Hilda.

"I'll get you as good a one as money can buy," said Kenneth, angrily, "if you'll only stop crying. I hate girls crying."

Poor Hilda made an awful effort at self-control. "I can't help crying; father had warned me to take such care of that locket; it was so important, I should never lose it."

"Pity you had not thought of that, instead of leaving it open in a box for Ah Wing to steal!" said the inexorable young guardian.

"I did not feel like wearing jewelry just after father died," moaned little Hilda; "I'm not in black, but I couldn't wear jewelry. Oh! I wish I'd kept it in my pocket. It was a token!"

"Of some lover, I suppose," quoth Kenneth, vilely cross from illness.

"I don't have lovers!" retorted Hilda, in a rage; "I hate love, and lovers, and marriage, and all that miserable nonsense. This locket was no doubt from my mother!"

"I'm ever so sorry!" said Kenneth, repentant.

"Of course, Ah Wing stole it, knowing we were going away. Hilda, write out a dispatch to Chelmy, and take it over to the telegraph office. Got ready? Well, 'Chelmy, Ah Wing stole Miss Calvert's oval locket. Try and get it.' There now, carry it over, and perhaps you will be all right yet."

The third day after, Hilda was reading to Kenneth, who was propped in a chair by a window, when a stage-driver came in to pay his respects and deliver a letter and a little parcel from Mr. Chelmy. Kenneth gave the parcel to Hilda, who tore it open and uttered a cry of joy.

"My locket!"

"Of all things!" said Kenneth. "Hilda, just listen to Chelmy's letter:

"DEAR MORAY: I have a complicated story to tell you. We all conclude that you were shot at by two Hasyampas—you know them—Rupe Moth and Takeswood. Takeswood has disappeared—you dropped him, and no doubt he is hidden, and got over his wound. We have no evidence, but we feel sure Rupe Moth hangs about here, and he is evidently down on you. After your dispatch, I took high measures with Ah Wing. I dragged him alone to the store-room, took out my Spanish knife, and gave him five minutes to die in, if he did not give up Miss Calvert's locket. I succeeded in frightening him, for he went on his knees, and swore by his ancestors that he gave the locket—which he found in the kitchen, he says—to Rupe Moth. However, R. M. gave Ah Wing fifty dollars for it, and that is far more than it was worth as a locket. Well, I found Rupe was getting royally drunk at the saloon, so I treated him until he was lively, and took him back to the station. When he was drunk enough, he showed me the locket, and told me it was worth thousands to him. I neglected to return the locket, and now send it to you. When he got sober, Rupe looked everywhere for his trinket, swore, and accused everybody, when I was inspired to hint to him that he was known to be pal to the giant-powder man, now in jail at Vulture and that a squad would come here to arrest him. In two hours Rupe Moth was gone, so I hit it closer then I knew when I gave that little hint as to giant powder."

"Yours, CHELMY."

The second day after this, Kenneth had a dispatch from Chelmy, thus:

"Ah Wing has disappeared. Left us yesterday. The giant-powder fiend broke out of Vulture Jail, and is gone. Pity he was not strung up that night on the telegraph pole."

"Do you think," said Hilda, "that we shall ever get out of this terrible country?"

Anxious to get on, within a week after, Kenneth

declared himself able to leave, and took a private carriage to Maricopa. This part of the journey might have been pleasant to Hilda but for the constant memory of her devoted father, with whom she had passed over the route a month before. Kenneth understood the thoughts which brought to her eyes the sudden rain of tears, and sent the shadows drifting over that fair young face, like clouds across a Summer sky. He strove to divert her mind with talk of home, of her future with his mother; except for his unlucky propensity to tell Indian stories, as each stray Pima or Maricopa wandered across their path, he might have been more than agreeable to Hilda, in his semi-helpless condition.

Stopping only one day at Maricopa, they took the train for Tucson. As the train slowly crossed the Santa Cruz River, four armed desperadoes, lurking on the piers of the bridge, swung themselves upon the train, two on either side. The conductor and a brakeman opposed themselves to this invasion. It was growing dusk.

"See here," said one of the men, "we only want a free ride into Tucson. We'll hurt no one. Let us alone. If you ruffle too much, we'll pay in bullets; that's all the spare change we have."

After which bravado, they elbowed through the smoking-car to the general passenger-car, and looked in through the door. Most of the few passengers were asleep—among these, Kenneth and Hilda. They were on opposite sides of the passageway, Hilda a little nearer the door than Kenneth, her head on the arm of the seat, on her folded shawl; a lamp swung above her head, and its gleam fell over her round chin, and upon the gold oval of her locket, which she had begun to wear for safekeeping, and had concealed in her dress; but as she slept it slipped from her neck, and lay in sight, a large, heavy, old-style medalion, of a certain odd appearance. The door at the front of the car softly opened, and softly entered one of the unticketed passengers. He took two long steps towards Hilda, one of his hands half lifted and held in queer fashion, as if concealing something. This action was viewed through the half-closed eyes of a young man sitting bolt upright on the seat behind Hilda, and apparently asleep. To sit upright, he had braced his feet against the back of Hilda's seat. His surprise at what he saw reached his feet before it reached his tongue! He jerked his feet instantaneously, and Hilda receiving this motion as one receives a current of electricity, her eyes flew open, her hand flew up to her neck—for when Hilda woke, she woke to absolute fullness of perception and reason, no reservations of slumber in her brain; her mouth opened when her eyes did, and out of her mouth flew the knowledge gathered by her eyes, "The giant-powder man!"

She had last seen him leaping and firing on the moonlit dune, or tied and manacled by Chelmy; huge and threatening he loomed above her, and she announced him with a scream. At this challenge the man reeled back. The motion of the man behind Hilda had roused Kenneth, whose slumbers were light as breath of morning air; he, too, was one of those who wake to action; moreover, he was one of the few fortunate ambidexters. His revolver now hung over his right hip instead of his left, his left hand fell upon it, and as the villain indicated by Hilda staggered for one fatal second, and his three confederates burst open the door, weapons in hand, two loud reports rang through the car. Kenneth was on his feet with the second, and the giant-powder man, fell heavily back in the arms of his comrades.

The few passengers sprang up with cries. One of the villains jerked the bell-rope; one stood before the others, a revolver in either hand; two lifted the wounded man. The train was going slowly through a bit of wooded, wild country; it came to a speedy stop, and, covered by the man with the weapons, the four strangers left the car as suddenly and as mysteriously as they had entered it.

But in traveling and in meeting such adventures Kenneth had overspent his strength; he entered Tucson in a fever, and was obliged to remain there four days. Much refreshed by the delay, he then started for the East once more. But fate was against these pilgrims from the setting sun. Near St. Simon's Station the cars broke down, and in the jar Kenneth's wounded arm and side received injury.

Stopping at St. Simon's, and calling a doctor, he was advised to stay an entire week, if he expected to make a fair recovery, with a sound arm. By this time the adventurers were accustomed to delays. They resigned themselves to their fortunes. St. Simon's was hideously dreary, and Hilda dared not put her head in the street, lest she should see the giant-powder man.

"He's dead," said Kenneth. "Serves him right; he was a monster."

"He's alive, and I shall see him again," said Hilda.

There were no books, and to divert himself, and abstract Hilda's mind from giant powder, Kenneth undertook to teach her the Signal Code.

"There are three principal methods of signals, Hilda," he said. "I wonder if you can learn them?"

"What are they?" asked Hilda.

"They are with flags, lanterns and torches; by these you can talk, give warnings and deliver messages at any distance within sight. The flags and wands do for day signals, the lanterns and torches are for darkness. Usually it is thought hard, but I took to signals, and have entertained myself with them; Chelmy liked them, too. I don't know as girls can learn such things," said the ungallant Kenneth.

"I can learn them faster than you can," said Hilda, offended. "I always know girls learned everything quicker than boys."

"Very well, then, miss; suppose you try it. Just unpack my kit, won't you, and get out a wand—also a set of flags. Now you stand across

the room from my sofa, and I'll set you up in the Signal Code, if you can learn it."

Whether it was because her mind was very quick, or because she was spurred on by Kenneth's sly twitting, or because she liked just this style of lessons, Hilda took to the Code wonderfully. Kenneth became inspired by his pupil. He had a book of the Code with him, and he read it with Hilda, and explained it.

"At Fort Myer," he said, "when I first went there as pupil, I had to do wand practice three hours a day. I think flag practice is rather pretty. Torch and lantern, you see, are just your wand practice, got up for night. Bless me, Hilda! but you beat all the fellows in the corps for learning this quick!"

It was rather a pretty sight, the handsome young fellow, in his half-invalid state, laid on his lounge, his book open before him, and the beautiful young girl opposite him with her wand or flags, right arm out, left arm out, now a graceful curve made, and the wand held straight over her shining head—here, there, up, down—every motion a poem, in its spirit and its grace.

"Zounds!" said the ridiculous Kenneth, "I did not know that signal practice was so pretty! nor that we fellows looked so well when we did it! No wonder they kept us at it!"

One of the landlady's numerous children was always with them, sometimes more, and evenings they removed the lights, and Hilda signaled with Kenneth's lantern and torches. It was great fun for the children, and in a week Hilda made wonderful progress.

Finally they left St. Simon's Station, and made fair time towards home. Kenneth was now able to put his arm in a sleeve, though he could not use it, and kept the wrist of the sleeve buttoned to the breast of his coat. All along the journey he had kept Hilda in charge of his landladies, and always gave the same explanation: she was a suddenly made orphan, traveling to his mother, under his care. They were now on the last day of their long journey to the East.

(To be continued.)

THE CHINOOK WIND.

HON. JOSEPH NIMMO, JR., who has explored the "arid region" of the interior, with the view of writing a book in regard to it, gives the following description of the Chinook Wind: The name "Chinook Wind" is applied to an aerial current from the great Kuro-Siwo of the Pacific Ocean. During the winter months this current of air occasionally debouches over the crest of the Rocky Mountains into the British Northwestern Provinces, Montana, and Wyoming. Sometimes it extends far south into Colorado, but seldom much further east than the western boundary of Dakota. It is the result of simultaneous low barometer east and high barometer west of the Rockies. The atmospheric change which it produces is about as marked as that which one would experience during the month of January in passing from Quebec to Key West. The coming of the Chinook Wind is always sudden, and somewhat phenomenal. In the course of two hours the thermometer may rise from 45° below to 45° above zero. Occasionally, when the snow is deep, and the Chinook Wind has an extensive range and is long continued, the waters of the melting snows pour down in torrents into the Upper Missouri. The river is broken up and rises above its banks. But as the swelling flood reaches Dakota, it arrives at a point beyond which the influence of the Chinook Wind has not been felt. Here the ice is from three to four feet thick, and as solid as a rock. But the superincumbent waters tear the ice from its fastenings to the shores, and a "war of the elements" ensues of surpassing grandeur. A gorge is soon formed, which increases in height until the great ice-dam gives way, when the whole mass, moving on, again rips up the solid ice, which is piled in enormous masses, fifty to one hundred feet in height, at points along the bends of the river, until another gorge is formed, in its turn to be burst asunder by the force of the rising waters. No railroad bridge, however strong, could resist the force of one of these masses of ice.

But the Chinook Wind comes always as a blessing to the Far Northwestern cattle-ranges. Usually it is the "break-up" of a blizzard. During these dreadful Arctic blasts the cattle retire to the coulees and sheltered valleys. After they have cropped the grasses which rear their heads above the snow, and have exhausted the supply of sagebrush, and other varieties of the Artemisia family, the internal source of heat giving out, the poor brutes are forced to tramp for life. Gathering in bands, they listlessly wander over the vast ranges, drifting with the bitter blast. Some of them have their tails frozen, which drop off, and their legs become reddened with frozen blood. The horns of others freeze, and in time fall off. The distressed animals bellow with agony as they move on. Cows which have dropped late calves, and were in no condition to "go into the winter," usually succumb. One by one, cow and calf and weak steer fall by the way, and speedily become the prey of wolves and bears and mountain lions, which all the time have hung upon the flanks of the retreating herd, waiting for "one who drops." At such a time the blessed Chinook Wind arrives. The weary cattle snuff it from afar, and come to a halt. Then, as the warm air envelops them, they lie down to a long sleep. But the pangs of hunger are upon them. As soon as they are sufficiently rested they start at once for the "winter ranges." These comprise the areas remote from the streams, which during the long dry season of the summer months have tethered them in their grazing. But now the Chinook Wind has formed pools from the melting snows all over the country, where they may quench their thirst and graze where they please. In the abundant pasturage thus opened up to them they feed upon

the highly nutritious grasses peculiar to the arid region, and are soon reinvigorated. But in the course of a few days the wind changes. An Arctic wave presses back the Chinook. And now, with well-filled stomachs and paunches, the herd speedily seeks shelter, and once more is forced to undergo the terrible ordeal of a Northwest blizzard.

THE INTERSTATE RAILWAY COMMISSION.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND made haste slowly in the selection of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and, we have no doubt, has thus made the more speed. For, as stated elsewhere, those whose names have been announced as constituting this important tribunal are all gentlemen of high character and distinguished ability. They are: Thomas M. Cooley, of Michigan, for the term of six years; William H. Morrison, of Illinois, for the term of five years; Augustus Schoonmaker, of New York, for the term of four years; Aldace F. Walker, of Vermont, for the term of three years; and Walter L. Bragg, of Alabama, for the term of two years. The duties which these Commissioners will have to perform will be of the most perplexing and patience-trying character. The railroad problem has grown to enormous proportions—how enormous very few except those who have devoted special study to it appreciate. It involves great and varied interests, affecting the prosperity of every city, town and hamlet in the country; and the relations which the great corporations sustain to the Government and to the people have not, in many instances, been definitely settled. Many questions will, therefore, arise for adjustment by the Commission, which will have to be decided without the aid of precedents, and in which the antagonistic interests will be very persistent.

Three members of the Commission have national reputations—Cooley, Morrison and Schoonmaker. The first stands in the very front rank of American jurists and writers upon constitutional law, having been for a long period Justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan; the second has been one of the most prominent figures in Congress for the last fifteen years; and the third has had a career as a lawyer, legislator, judge, and Attorney-general of New York, that has given him large and varied experience and knowledge of legislation and affairs. Messrs. Walker and Bragg have not been widely known beyond the States in which they live, but there each has been identified with the railroad question, the former in the practice of his profession as well as by his authorship of a State railroad commission Bill, and of a corporation tax Bill, enacted in 1884, and the latter as President, for four years, of the Alabama State Railway Commission, by which many important questions were adjusted. Mr. Walker studied law in the office of Senator Edmunds, and ever since the Civil War, in which he served with distinction, has practiced his profession with great success. Mr. Bragg was educated at Harvard University and Cambridge Law School, and practiced law in Arkansas for some years. At the close of the war he settled in Alabama, and became the law partner of General Morgan. He has been a leading Democrat in that State, and has served as National Delegate, Presidential Elector, and Member of the Democratic National Committee.

THE STEWART ART SALE.

THE auction sale of the costly collection of paintings made by the late A. T. Stewart attracted large crowds of buyers and spectators to Chickering Hall on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of last week, as the exhibition had done for a month previous at the American Art Galleries. The stage was admirably arranged for the display of the canvases, and it was a moment of no little excitement when the great sale was opened by the knocking down of a brilliant little bit by Bakalowicz, called "Richelieu's Cats," at \$250. It quickly became apparent that nobody wanted Mr. Stewart's pictures at anything like the prices which the millionaire merchant had paid for them. The bidding, in which Judge Hilton joined, was not spirited, and the chief paintings put upon the first evening went at considerably less than "half price." Thus, the Meissonier entitled "Charity," which cost Mr. Stewart \$24,000, was bought by Judge Hilton for \$10,000; Church's "Niagara," original cost \$15,000, brought \$7,050; and Gérôme's "Chariot Race," for which the collector paid \$33,000, realized only \$7,100. Troyon's beautiful "Cattle" was better appreciated, bringing the comparatively large price of \$7,150. The four paintings above named, and Bonguereau's "Homer," which was sold for \$5,200, were the only ones out of the seventy-four sold on the first evening which passed the five-thousand dollar mark.

On Thursday evening, 69 pictures were sold for \$160,500, including F. Auguste Bonheur's "Environ of Fontainebleau," which brought \$17,800; Meissonier's "At the Barracks," \$16,000; Erskine Nicol's "The Disputed Boundary," \$15,250; Fortuny's "The Serpent Charmer," \$13,100; Gérôme's "Police Verso," \$11,000; Munkacsy's "A Visit to the Baby," \$8,700; Daubigny's "The End of the Month of May," \$7,900; and Bonguereau's "The New-born Lamb," \$5,100. The pictures sold on this, as on the previous evening, went at a great discount on their original prices. Some of the "star" pictures of the third and last night's sale were: Meissonier's "Friedland, 1807," which, with the artist's portrait by himself, brought \$66,000; Rosa Bonheur's "The Horse Fair," \$53,000; Ludwig Knaus's "The Children's Party," Or, Cat's Christening," \$21,300; Troyon's "Landscape and Cattle," \$11,000; Fortuny's "The Beach at Portici," \$10,100; Gérôme's "Une Collaboration," \$8,100; Zamacois's "Court Jesters," \$8,000; and Bonguereau's "Return from the Harvest," \$8,000. The total sum realized by the three nights' sales for the entire collection of 217 pictures was \$513,750. The chief pictures remain in this country. The great Meissonier was bought by Jay Gould, and Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" will probably find its way to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A DRESS INNOVATION IN JAPAN.

A LOKIO correspondent of the New York Tribune writes: "A movement of a peculiarly radical sweep, to which no person can attribute a sufficient cause, is at this moment agitating the entire body of Japanese society, throwing one sex into excitement and bewilderment and spreading dismay through the ranks of the other. The Empress has emerged from her conventional seclusion, and in a document which certainly has no precedent in Oriental history has signified her will that the

women of the empire shall put aside their customary dress—the dress of their ancestors from time immemorial—and adopt that of the remote West. That a Japanese Empress should address her subjects on any topic is marvelous enough. That the national costume should be her topic is more marvelous, and that she should recommend this remarkable substitution is most marvelous of all. In fact, however, Her Majesty is in no direct sense responsible for the transaction. It is purely an affair of state, which has occupied the attention of the supreme circle of councilors known as the Dai Jo Kuwan for at least five years. Ever since 1882 this august assemblage has been industriously and ardently studying the question of dress reform. The libraries of the Senate House have been loaded with fashion prints and periodicals from Paris, and the ante-chambers filled with mysterious structures of wire and whalebone, the aspect of which might have awakened unfair suspicions that a return to the barbarities of punishment by torture was contemplated. Whatever may be the underlying purpose of the impending change, it will not have been instituted without ample deliberation.

"The Empress's proclamation was issued at the beginning of this year, and before the holiday festivities were over the ladies of the capital were rivaling each other in the most extravagant efforts to conform to its admonitions. The results of their struggles are not yet apparent, but it goes without saying that they will make a dreadful mess of everything; and when the newly ordained fashion extends all over the land the consequences will be distressing. Nothing could be more dainty, graceful and becoming than the familiar garb of the women of Japan. If not in all particulars a model of convenience and comfort, it is in those respects far superior to the style by which it is to be replaced. The freedom and ease which its wearers have enjoyed must now be exchanged for a constraint to which they cannot become accustomed for generations. They will not only suffer in the flesh themselves, but will be the cause of suffering in the spirit to others, for they will be hideous to behold. The idea of accommodating their frames to the incoming mode cannot be grasped by them. With many advantages of form, especially in the upper part of the body, they have certain defects which will be cruelly aggravated by the uncongenial attire. Not one in a thousand will know how to walk, for the peculiar gait which has been established and confirmed by centuries of habit will cling to them as long as they live. Undoubtedly there may be exceptions; but every one conversant with the subject knows how rare they must be, and can testify that the very prettiest of Japanese girls is apt to be transformed into an apish counterfeit of gentle humanity when she arrays herself in anything but the pliant and picturesque native robes. That the novel apparel will be accepted willingly and even with enthusiasm is very possible, for the mere name of fashion has a spell of fascination which no woman in any corner of the earth can easily resist; but it must be accepted at the cost of the power to charm for many a year to come.

"As for the men of Japan, there is nothing that can make the change tolerable to them. In the first place the expense will be a crushing weight. Half a dozen feminine costumes, though of the most commonplace description, would exhaust the revenue of an ordinary Japanese for a year. It may be set down as a certainty that the great majority will find it impracticable to comply literally with the requirements of the edict. The real foreign vestments being unattainable, some sort of substitute must be devised, the effect of which will probably be still more harrowing. In the large towns a moderate number of wealthy heads of families may supply their household goddesses with the proper material and perhaps a suggestion of the proper style. But it will be a sorrow and a shame to them to see their wives and daughters thus arrayed, especially on occasions of ceremony. The European 'dress of rigor' is an abomination to the eye of all Japanese men."

SCOTCH UNIVERSITIES.

A WRITER in the *National Review* says: "Each of the Scottish universities comprises four 'Faculties'—Arts, Medicine, Divinity, and Law. Edinburgh still maintains her old reputation as one of the best medical schools in the United Kingdom; and the law lectures are believed to be also exceptionally good at Edinburgh. Only those students who are intended for the ministry of the Church of Scotland attend the divinity classes at any of the four universities, the dissenting Presbyterian bodies having divinity halls of their own. Divinity students always attend four years at the 'arts' classes, unless they pass a preliminary examination, and so escape the first year. Medical and law students, as a rule, spend only two years at Latin, Greek and Logic before they proceed to their special studies. It must be understood that 'a year' means at a Scotch university a 'session' of barely six months, from the beginning of November till the end of April. There are, it is true, short 'Summer sessions'; but these exist only for medical students. This arrangement of the year is necessary on account of the poverty of a large number of the students. And an incidental benefit of considerable importance arises from what seems at first sight a very bad arrangement of the academic year. The work of a Scotch university professor is, while it lasts, exceedingly arduous; and while some of the chairs at Edinburgh and Glasgow are supposed to be worth £2,000 or £3,000 a year, many of them are but poorly endowed. To be absolutely master of one's own time for six months of the year is a great boon, and constitutes an attraction which helps the northern universities to fill their chairs with exceptionally able men."

MOHAMMEDANISM IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

A WRITER in the *Contemporary Review* says: "When I reached Central Sudan, the sights and scenes I there witnessed burst upon me like a revelation. I found myself in the heart of Africa, among undoubted negroes, but how different from the unwashed, unclad barbarians it had hitherto been my lot to meet in my travels in Africa! I could scarcely believe I was not dreaming, when I looked around me and found large, well-built cities, many of them containing 10,000 to 30,000 inhabitants.

"The people themselves, picturesquely and voluminously dressed, moved about with that self-possession, sober dignity which bespeaks the man with a proper respect for himself. I saw on all sides the signs of an industrious community, differentiated into numerous crafts, evidence sufficient to show how far advanced they were on the road to civilization. I heard the rattle, the tinkle and the musical clang of workers in iron, in brass and in copper. I could see cloth being made in

one place, and dyed, or sewn into gowns or other articles of dress, in other places. In the markets, crowded with eager thousands, I could see how varied were the wants of these negro people, how manifold the productions of their industry, and how keen their business instincts. Almost more remarkable than anything else, no native beer or spirits, nor European gin and rum, found place in their markets. Clearly there were no buyers, and therefore no sellers. Outside the towns, again, no forest covered the land; the density of the population and its numerous requirements had made the virgin forest a thing of the past, and its place was taken by various cereals, by cotton and indigo, and other vegetable productions which minister to the inner and outer man. What could have produced this great change?—for that a change had occurred could not be doubted. Certainly contact with Europeans had had nothing to do with it. The character of the industries, the style of art, indicated a certain amount of Moorish influence, giving them the direction which they had assumed. How had the first great steps been taken? No Moors or Arabs were to be seen among the people. No such races held the reins of government and by their powerful influence caused the introduction of new arts and industries. Evidently, whatever had been done had been done through the free aspirations of the negroes towards higher things. I was left long in ignorance of the agency which had thus transformed numerous tribes of savages into semi-civilized nations, ruled by powerful Sultans, who administered justice of a high order (for Africa), and rendered life and property safe. That agency was almost exclusively Mohammedanism."

EUROPEAN WAGES.

MR. LEE MERIWETHER, who recently made a "tramp trip" through Europe, furnishes some interesting statistics to the Labor Commission. He gives the amount earned by a family of Italian woolen weavers and the cost of living, with five in family—two children having to be in part supported—the earnings being for a year \$316.05; their expenses, 313.40. Passing through Italy and arriving in Switzerland, where skilled labor was not well paid, Mr. Meriwether, as a sensible man, sees what disadvantages Switzerland suffers from extreme protection. "My protectionist friends had told me that tariffs made wages high. Wages were not high in Switzerland. I began to think I had stumbled on a free-trade country. I was mistaken. Investigation revealed the fact that almost everything worth mentioning is subjected to an import duty at the Swiss frontier." The tax on locomotives was \$1.93 for every 220 pounds, but the tariff on asses only 19 cents. "The protectionists were evidently afraid to impose too high a duty on asses; without 'asses' it would be impossible to pass a Bill for protective purposes." Wherever protection exists, Mr. Meriwether finds that wages are low. Austria and Germany impose heavy duties on foreign goods, and in Austria a nailmaker and family of eight, living like animals, eating bacon and sausage only occasionally, at a cost per annum of \$12.48, earned \$233 a year—and spent \$243, showing a deficit. The cost of beer to the German workmen appears on this schedule as \$37, slightly less than the money paid per annum for meat, coffee, and milk, and more by \$8 than that spent for clothing.

In Russia, according to Mr. Meriwether, they use the same methods of persuasion towards those who are in arrears for taxes as is or was carried out in Egypt—that is, "flogging." A Russian bricklayer is paid from 70 cents to \$1 a day, but the climate only allows him an average of 100 working days in the year. Division of labor does not seem to be well understood in Russia; "the bricklayer brings his own brick and mortar." At the conclusion of the volume may be found the Italian, German, Austrian, Swiss, and Russian tariffs, and a comparative wage table. A bootmaker in Italy is paid from 40 to 80 cents a day; in Germany, 84 to 96 cents; in Switzerland, 60 cents to \$1; in Russia, 75 cents to \$1.20; in France, 79 cents; in England, \$1.21 to \$1.40; in Belgium, 90 cents. For \$135.87 Mr. Meriwether shows how a man may go to Naples, visit the Italian states, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Russia, get back to Berlin, visit Paris and London, and return to his point of starting, and then do no walking. For \$182.50 a self-reliant man might travel for 18 months, and at somewhat less than a dollar per diem (the figure is \$312.37) could visit "every land from Gibraltar to the Bosphorus."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

IN the whole of Scotland only 2,175 persons were convicted of drunkenness on Sunday during last year.

FOUR THOUSAND TONS of old horseshoes are to be exported to China, where they will be melted up into sabre-blades and knives.

PHILADELPHIA is taking high rank among American cities as a debt-payer. Last year it reduced its funded debt \$2,698,500, and under its admirable system of keeping expenditure below income it will soon pay off its debt.

AMONG Queen Victoria's Jubilee gifts will be a magnificent dinner service of bright yellow Dresden ware, from the German Emperor. It will be profusely ornamented with medallion pictures of notable events and portraits of famous persons of her reign. It will contain in all 480 pieces.

A SCHEME is on foot to utilize the pressure of the fresh-water wells of Florida for manufacturing purposes. Water is found at a depth of 250 feet, and in many wells there is a pressure of fourteen pounds to the square inch. The theory entertained is, the deeper the well the greater will be the pressure.

A COTTON factory to cost \$500,000 is to be built at Fort Smith, Ark.; a \$100,000 one at Charlotte, N. C.; one at Alry, N. C.; one at Cleveland, Tenn.; one at Athens, besides numerous expansions in the way of machinery and additions. A co-operative manufacturing company will erect a \$100,000 mill at Georgetown, Tex. An immense cotton factory is to be erected at Columbus, Miss.

MUCH interest has been excited by the announcement that Captain Conder, of the Palestine Exploration Expedition, has succeeded in deciphering and translating the Hittite inscriptions. Ten principal texts are known, and Captain Conder claims to have interpreted all of them. Three of his translations, published in the *London Times*, are invocations to the sun and water gods, and, apparently, to the divinity of the moon. Captain Conder says that not only the words, but the grammar, of the inscriptions, can be shown to belong to a well-known tongue. What this tongue is, we are not to learn for some time.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Salvation Army is to begin work among the Indians in the Northwest.

DURING February 14,317 immigrants arrived at the several ports of the United States.

THE Atlantic steamship companies running out of New York have raised passenger rates.

THE Rhode Island Legislature has rejected a Bill providing for a convention to amend the Constitution.

GERMANY has refused to participate either in the industrial or art section of the Paris International Exhibition of 1889.

TWENTY-TWO members of the present Senior Class at Princeton College intend to enter the ministry, the largest proportion in many years.

THE cattle losses from severe weather on the ranges west of Winnipeg is estimated at thirty per cent. In some districts the loss is fifty per cent.

THE New York Assembly passed the High-license Bill, last week, by a vote of 70 to 56. Only one Democrat voted for the Bill, and only four Republicans against it.

THE Ohio Legislature, before its final adjournment, amended the Dow liquor law so as to more fully enforce the local-option clause by prohibiting sales by manufacturers' agents.

THE plan of the new Catholic University to be established at Washington has been approved by the Pope. It is intended to take rank with the foremost educational institutions in the world. The estimated cost is \$800,000.

THE Treasury Department has denied to the officers of the "Ho Wong Joss House" of San Francisco, a society established for alleged religious purposes, permission for the free entry of a figure of a dragon, representing the God or Joss Ho Wong. The figure is about 150 feet long, and is composed of paper, silk, metal, glass, feathers, tinsel and goats hair.

A Swiss printer living in Indianapolis is going to establish snail-culture in that section. Americans who have never been abroad usually revolt at the idea of eating "snails," but the fact is that the European *escargot*, which feeds upon the roots of grape-vines, is a real delicacy, and no more resembles the common snail than the toothsome lobster does the spider-crab.

INDIGNATION meetings are being held in all parts of Oregon and Washington Territory to express the popular disapproval of the President's pocket veto of the River and Harbor Bill. The Bill appropriated some \$450,000 for the improvement of the Columbia River by removing the cascades, and it is alleged that the delay in this necessary work will prove seriously detrimental to the public interests.

DURING the past Winter, which was an unusually severe one at sea, the Government Fish Commission succeeded in hatching thirty-five million cod eggs, bringing the young up by hand, so to speak, to the stage of self-feeding adolescence, and turning them loose into the ocean. This "crop" will be ripe four or five years hence. The Commission now proposes to make an attempt to repeople our coast waters with halibut, the supply of which has been depleted.

A BILL will be presented to the next Congress to provide for the purchase by the Government of the battlefields of Lookout Mountain, Moccasin Bend, Chickamunga and Mission Ridge, for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a national park, preserving so far as possible the outlines of the battlefields, and erecting suitable monuments to the memory of the fallen men, with statues of the leading general of the Union and Confederate armies alike.

THE results of the investigation concerning the accident at Forest Hills have convinced the Massachusetts Railroad Commissioners that the actual condition of all the other railroad bridges in the State should be disclosed. They have requested the officers of the several roads to send to them at the earliest practicable moment the strain sheets and records of the first and latest tests of all the bridges on their lines, and to state whether any parts of these bridges which are essential to safety are so covered as to be concealed from inspection.

THE luxuries of railway travel are every day increasing. On the New York Central Road the buffet smoking-cars of the "limited" train to the West are to be supplied with a bathroom, a barber-shop and two toilet-rooms, one devoted entirely to passengers. A library will be attached, including the latest novels, periodicals, etc., side gates will protect the platforms, canopies will cover the passenger going from car to car, and the coaches will be lighted by electricity. If the experiments now being made with regard to steam heating on the New York Central Road prove to be successful, the system will be at once adopted on the Wagner cars.

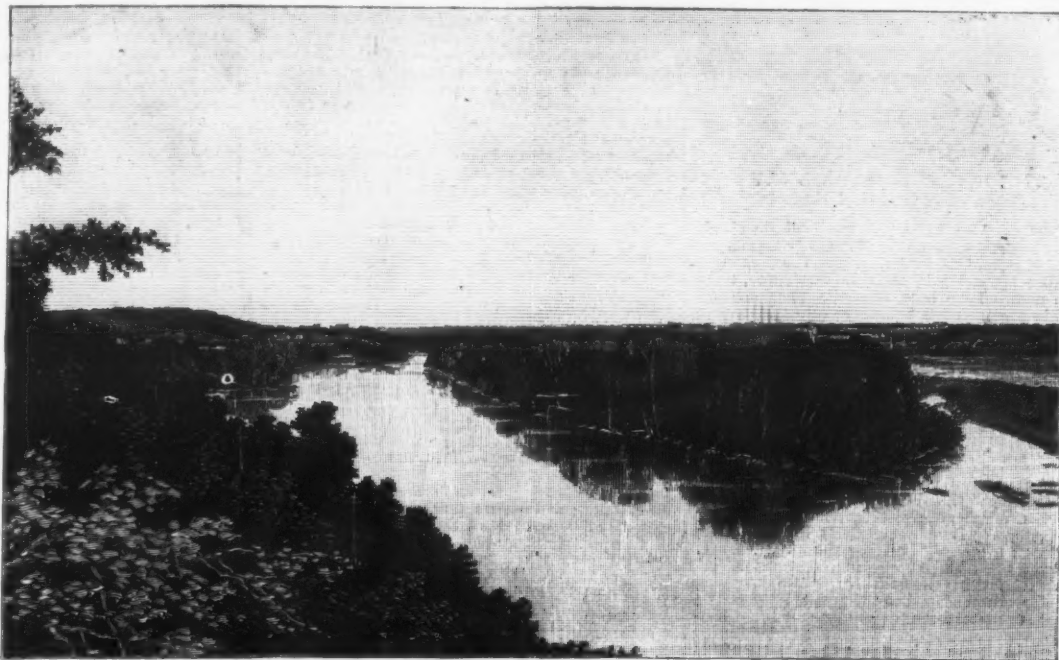
THE reports of the Indian agents show that during last year 65,356 Indians required medical treatment for sickness or wounds. The majority of them suffered from diseases of the eye, and diseases of the respiratory organs came next in order. Over 10,000 were consumptive, and 7,000 were treated for disorders of the digestive organs. This large showing for dyspepsia would, no doubt, in an Eastern community, have been unjustly charged to the account of civilization and pie. Of enthetic diseases due to immorality there was little to support the outcry that has been raised against the Indians, as less than 2,000 were treated for all diseases of this class. It is worthy of note, also, that only four Indians suffered from inebriation, and but one in 250,000 red men had the delirium tremens.

THE matinee performance at the Lyceum Theatre, last Wednesday afternoon, which for the first time brought the students of the New York School of Acting before the public in a professional capacity, was more than a successful and refined entertainment. It was a demonstration of the fact that we have at last a practical training-school for the American stage, where not only are the technicalities of the dramatic art taught, but its best traditions imparted. The names of Messrs. Franklin H. Sargent and David Belasco, Miss Maria Porter Brace and Madame Malvina would alone insure this, if the results did not speak for themselves. The exquisite minuet introduced by Madame Malvina's pupils in Molière's "Precieuses Ridicules" gives gratifying proof of the attention bestowed at Mr. Sargent's school upon the cultivation of physical grace, that highly essential but sadly neglected requisite of the modern society actor or actress.

THE PICTURESQUE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

A LONG dune of sand extends in triangular form from the City of Cairo in Illinois to the point where the black waters of the Mississippi and the yellow waters of the Ohio come together in perpetual embrace. An aged timber from some long-forgotten wreck lifts its head above the dreary waste, and offers a clue to its own mysterious tragedy. A solitary individual walks from the levee and makes his way through the high burr-weeds across the diurnal dune to a seat on the weatherbeaten beam. He may be a traveler, or a watcher, or a dreamer; more likely he is a combination of these. A cake of ice floats past. There is no novelty in that, except in the speculation as to its origin, perhaps in the forests of Minnesota, or under the frowning glaciers of the Grand Tetons in Wyoming. But an eagle, proud, majestic, equipoised, sits on its edge. Perhaps this wanderer has navigated the mighty Mississippi for a thousand miles on his crystal ship. Now and then the bird darts to the surface of the muddy waters and returns to his post with a struggling fish; he is only a fisherman, then, not a wandering admirer of the picturesque. The solitary watcher, interested but chagrined, arises. Over on the Ohio River side of the dune hundreds of tramps are encamped, awaiting opportunities for separation to different parts of the continent. A snag-boat puffs and snorts and tugs at an obstruction below him. Houses, cattle, horses, forests, and thousands of acres of land, float past him towards the Gulf, some to be cast on foreign shores, others to be disintegrated and swept towards the poles as food for the innumerable inhabitants of the Gulf Stream. In an hour he has seen much of the Northland and from the Northland sweep past him on the unknown journey. If he would see the Northland, then, he must hasten ere it is torn from its moorings and swept into the Tropics.

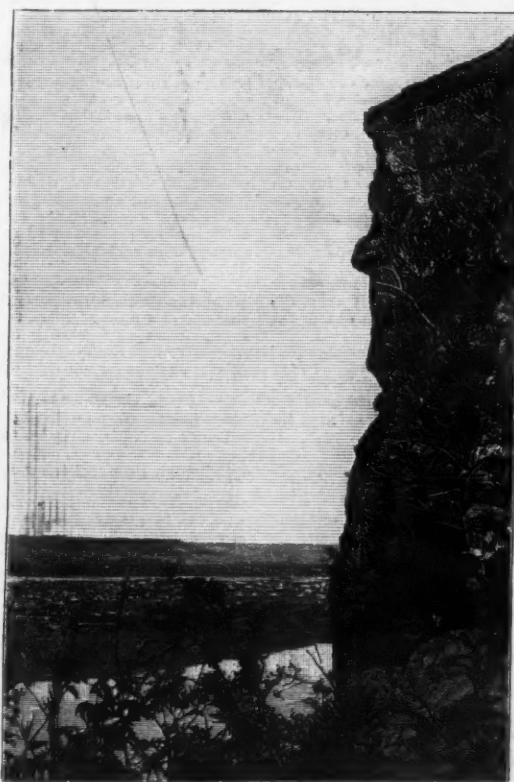
The most picturesque portion of the Mississippi lies between St. Paul and Galena. The Rhine may have more grandeur, and the Hudson more life, but no river scenery is comparable to this as regards its peculiar type. To be seen at its best the lover of nature



FORT SNELLING AND MENDOTA.



SUGAR LOAF.



NATURE'S GRANT MONUMENT.



CASTLE ROCK BLUFF, MINN.



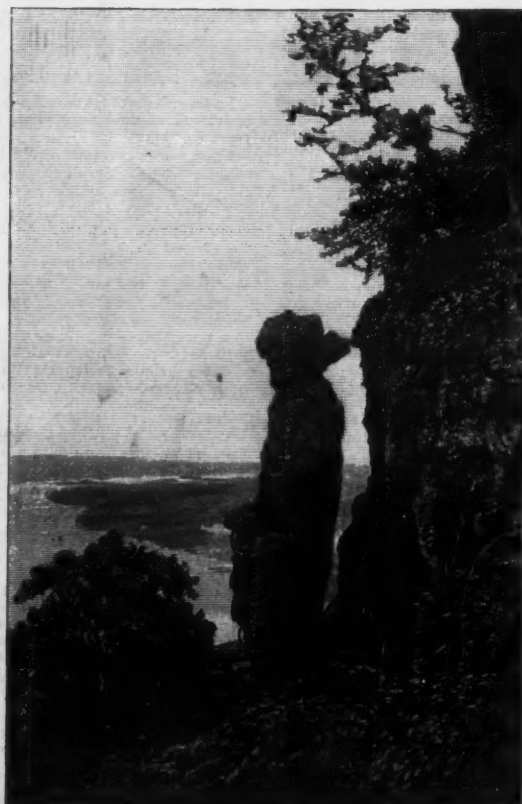
WINONA, MINN.



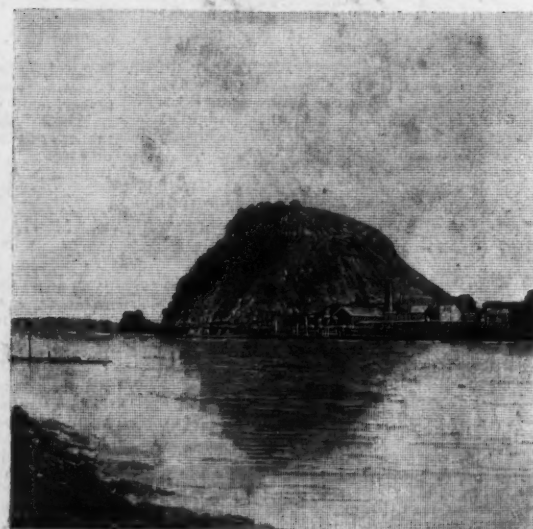
TREMPEALEAU, WIS.



BARN BLUFF, RED WING.

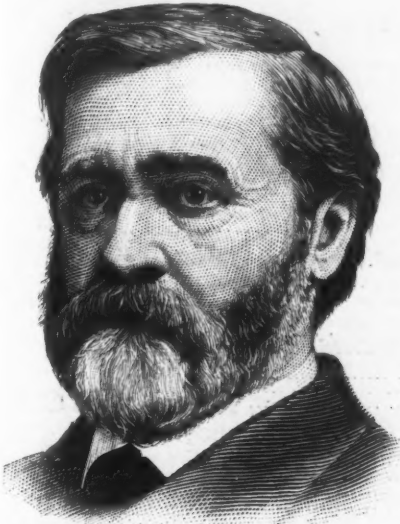
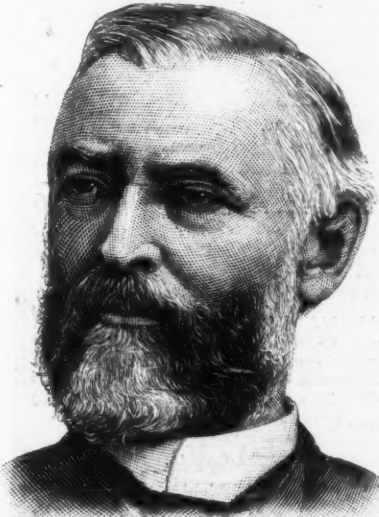


MAP ROCK, MINN.



VIEW FROM BARN BLUFF.

VIEWS ON THE PICTURESQUE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.
FROM PHOTOS BY C. A. TENNEY AND T. W. INGERSOLL.

ILLINOIS.—HON. WILLIAM R. MORRISON.
PHOTO. BY BELL.NEW YORK.—HON. AUGUSTUS SCHOONMAKER.
PHOTO. BY FACH.

will select the latter part of September, when the sunlight is most yellow, when the leaves have different hues at different points on the bluffs—that season when earth and air present the greatest variety of color in the most charming harmony. There are several methods of traversing the Mississippi Valley. One can take a steamer, or the morning train out of St. Paul on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, which runs to Sabula, 300 miles in the river's bed. Otherwise one can walk, float, row, or ride a bicycle.

I prefer the parlor-car, which affords one a rapid survey of the entire scenery between sunrise and sunset, and permits you to cross the country and awake the next morning in Chicago, from which city there are, happily, abundant means of rapid escape.

Fort Snelling and Mendota may be said to stand at the head of Mississippi picturesqueness. The fortifications command a similar view to that at West Point. The water has the smoothness of glass, and a neighboring island seems more like a reflection in its clear depths than a rise of its bed. But this scene is not included in the parlor-car picture; neither can we pause at St. Paul, which is destructive to the natural picturesqueness, particularly as the train starts at 5 A.M. The sun rises as we swing around a great bend in the river under Red Wing, high on a bluff, where Ignatius Donnelly is meddling with election returns, and the cipher dispatches said to have passed between Mr. Shakespeare and Mr. Bacon. The train moves along close to the water, and far away to the south the towering bluffs on either side of the river seem to rise higher, and the valley opens wider, instead of the perspective closing the gap. The cloud of mist rising above Red Wing swings around for a moment and then stretches across the entire horizon as far as the eye can see, and offering as tribute to Morning every hue of the spectrum with central masses of flaming crimson.

The river is quiet and peaceable here, and it re-

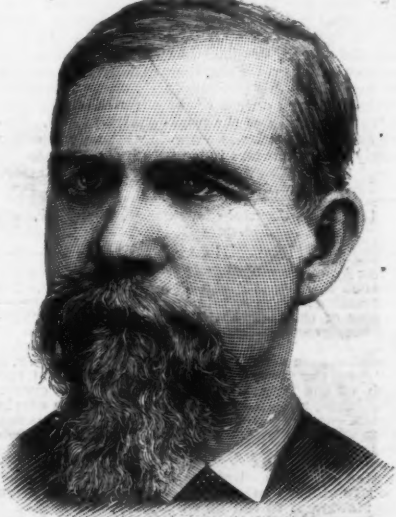
MICHIGAN.—THOMAS M. COOLEY.
PHOTO. BY RANDALL & BURNHAM.

mains so very much of the distance to St. Louis. It abhors floods and ice-gorges, and never tears away the riparian country, nor deposits much of a bed of silt. It is so still and quiet that the freshwater clam fattens excessively from positive idleness. It was not from this quarter, then, that the eagle came, Lohengrin-like, traversing the continent on an ice-cake; nor from here that the cattle, horses, houses and forests emanated. It was from the Missouri, that unstable stream that can never be found in the same bed at the end of a year. All of us can remember when Council Bluffs was a great river port; but one Spring the river gathered up her skirts and flew over to Omaha, three miles away, where she has since remained. It is the Missouri, too, which has its silt bed from 70 to 300 feet deep, keeping the bridge engineers awake nights, and which has its terrible quicksands and foibles. Plainly, either this beautiful stream along whose banks we are whirling is not the Mississippi at all, or else the great waterway from the Yellowstone Park to the Gulf is the Missouri or the Mississippi, and this only a tributary misnamed.

At Winona, the bluffs become bold and precipitous, 400 to 500 feet high, composed of granite walls, covered with the foliage of running vines and the fantastic carvings of the atmosphere. But most remarkable is the loftiest butte, which for miles exhibits the well-known face of General U. S. Grant, perhaps a perpetual monument by nature to the grandest character this country and age has produced. The low forehead, the eyes, ears and nose, are remarkably like those of the late warrior.

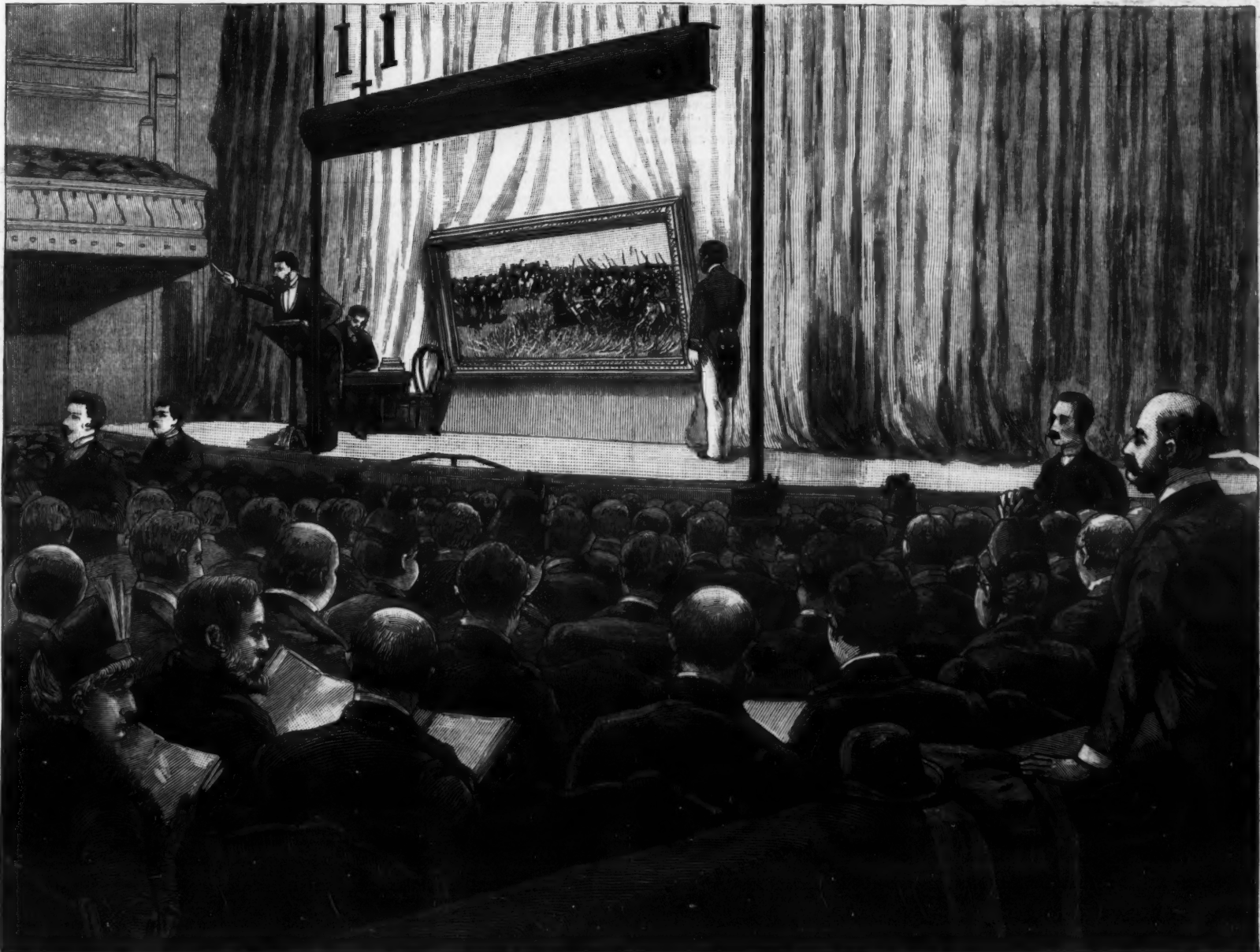
Winona itself is beautiful, lying on a level island-stretch in the valley, and with an ambitious water-tower which tries to climb up to the level of the bluffs back of the city. Not far away the Sugar Loaf arises in form of a cone in the centre of the valley, and gives one an impression that nature intended a volcano for this point, and left the form without the fire.

The river valley is fairly straight, curving here

VERMONT.—HON. ALDACE F. WALKER.
PHOTO. BY BAKER.ALABAMA.—HON. WALTER L. BRAGG.
PHOTO. BY BELL.

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE LAW—PORTRAITS OF THE COMMISSIONERS.

SEE PAGE 107.

NEW YORK CITY.—SALE OF THE STEWART COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS AT AUCTION, AT CHICKERING HALL—"SIXTY-SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS AND—SOLD!"
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 107.

and there in long, majestic semicircles, but the river is eccentric, winding, and a prolific island-builder. The army engineers, in order to make it navigable, have attempted to straighten it and to keep the water from spreading over a wide space too thinly for steamers. Dams are run from island to island, compelling the liquid to concentrate in the channel.

Steamers constantly pass up and down, but no big fellows are seen in this part of the country. They are of the old style, each with a big paddle-wheel at the stern which seemingly laps up all the water in the river, whirls it in the air and throws it down in the form of spray. Behind them are tows of all descriptions and rafts in profusion. They have apparently a share of the through traffic. The local traffic by rail or steamer cannot be much in this valley. The hillsides are but sparsely settled, and the houses look like solitary castles or peasants' huts on the mountain-sides. The riparian towns, while not exactly dead, are affected at the liver, and have a bilious, torpid aspect. I think they must have a little malaria also. There certainly are no live, enterprising cities from St. Paul to St. Louis, and the climate cannot be said to be productive of active energy. Dubuque is as nearly alive as any river town, but judging by its hotels, the invariable indicators of the activity or torpidity of a city, it is only a half-head taller than its neighbors. At Galena decay and dry rot have set in to a remarkable extent since the lead mines have fallen into disrepute. I can scarcely credit General Grant with the saying that his only ambition for civil honors was to be mayor of this city. The remark, however, was made at the close of the war, when Galena was a noted lead-producer. She might still produce as much lead as ever from her idle mines, but it wouldn't pay. That metal is found in quantities in Western silver ore; in fact, the latter is imbedded in it. In getting the silver, the lead has first to be removed anyway. The vast quantities of it in use and on the market at this day absolutely cost nothing for production, and only a slight advance on the cost of transportation of the pig is charged for it. Under such competition, no wonder Galena and other purely lead-producers faded into insignificance.

WM. HOSEA BALLOU.

(From the Journal of Commerce, New York, February 17, 1887.)

THE EQUITABLE LIFE.

The Annual Statement of the Equitable Life Assurance Society is given in another column. No comment of ours can add anything to the impressiveness of that exhibit. The new assurance written last year amounted to the enormous sum of \$11,540,293. The total assets of the Company now reach the sum of \$75,510,472.76, an amount which, a few years ago, would have almost staggered the faith of the reader. It may seem easy to create confidence, and to insure success with such ample means, but the high standing of the Company is not after all as much the result of its enormous business as it is the public appreciation of the judicious management of its very able president and level-headed directors. But we design nothing more than to call attention to the exhibit, and to leave the statement to tell its own story.

Why object to a pugilist fighting with bare hands when we allow women to handle each other without gloves?

In mining districts SALVATION OIL is regarded as an indispensable necessity. Miners will have it. Life is but short, and we should do all we can to prolong it. Check a cough or cold at once by using the old reliable remedy, DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

QUESTION for beginners in arithmetic—How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man will receive one, while yet one remains in the dish? Answer—One takes the dish with the egg.

INTERESTING TO THOSE TROUBLED WITH CATARRH.

It is pretty well understood by all that patent medicines and advertised nostrums are seldom if ever of any use; they are advertised to cure everything, but in reality cure nothing, and at best are harmless. The cry of the manufacturer of such quack medicines is, not to give up if one bottle don't cure you; you may need fifty, etc. But if a remedy is really good, the first dose or application will make its impression, and satisfy the sufferer of its beneficial effects. Such is the case with Taylor's Hospital Cure for Catarrh. This is really a wonderful remedy, and the only one sold with the distinct understanding that if the sufferer is not satisfied after ten days' use the price is refunded to him at once on return of the instrument. The application is painless and pleasant, and the effects immediate and permanent; it is adopted by every physician who treats catarrh, because it is the only way in which the seat of the disease can be reached. The difference in professional treatment and the Taylor system is, that the doctors charge as much for one application as the Taylor system costs you for a hundred. The doctor demands his fee, benefit or none, where the Taylor system costs you \$2.50 if benefited, and nothing if not. Everybody afflicted with Chronic Catarrh of any description, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, etc., should communicate with the TAYLOR CATARRH CURE CO., 264 Broadway, New York.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABITS.

ANY person interested in the successful treatment and cure of the above will do well to address DR. JACKSON, 15 East Nineteenth St., N. Y.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 140 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

WILBUR'S
GO-COA-THETA
The first Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptic, and Children. C. F. B. & Co., New York, or send 10 Cents for trial can. H. G. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

Don't Read This
If you have a sufficiency of this world's goods; but if you have not, write to HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, full particulars about work that you can do, and live at home, wherever you are located, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards. All succeed; both sexes; all ages. All is new. Capital not required; Hallett & Co. will start you. Don't delay; investigate at once, and grand success will attend you.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to DR. LAWRENCE, 212 East 9th Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.



Cuticura
A POSITIVE CURE
for every form of
Skin and Blood
Disease
from
PIMPLES to SCROFULA.

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INSTANTLY relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a real Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure.

Eczema, tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, lichen, pruritus, scall head, dandruff, and every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, when physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by THE POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

A COMMON ENEMY

Strikes Down its Helpless Victims—Saved when all Hope had Fled.

Mr. John M. Allen, a well-known and respected citizen of Charlotte, N. Y., had suffered long from gravel. Urination became increasingly difficult, until it became almost impossible. Physicians of marked skill and ability exerted themselves to relieve him, and succeeded to a degree, but were not able to interrupt the steady and persistent growth of this terrible renal disorder. Mr. Allen was already so exhausted that he came one day not long since into the place of business of his friend, Mr. E. D. W. Parsons, 559 Plymouth Avenue, Rochester, N. Y., and feebly said:

"Parsons, I am about dead with the gravel."

"Did you ever try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y.?"

"What's the use? I've tried all the remedies, prescribed and patented, and kept on sinking downwards in spite of them."

Nevertheless Mr. Parsons finally persuaded Mr. Allen to give Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy a chance to help him if it could, and he began using it on that understanding. Weeks went by, and the friends met once more—Mr. Allen looking like a man who has been close to the grave and been snatched back.

"Mr. Parsons!" he exclaimed, "Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has saved my life. I acknowledge it to be a cure for gravel—and, so far as I know, the only cure."

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is for sale by all druggists. Price One Dollar.

Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for his book on Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders. Mention this paper.

HALE'S HONEY
OF HOREHOUND AND TAR,
A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. Banishes Coughs and Colds where other remedies have failed. Keep in readiness. 3 sizes—25c., 50c., \$1. Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.



For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00. A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamp. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

TAMAR
INDIEN
GRILLON
A laxative refreshing, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them. E. GRILLON, 21 Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

THE 27th ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE Equitable Life Assurance Society

OF THE UNITED STATES.

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1886.

AMOUNT OF LEDGER ASSETS, JANUARY 1ST, 1886. \$62,087,513.85

Income.

Premiums. \$16,372,154.62
Interest, Rents, etc. 3,601,578.57 19,973,733.19
\$81,961,247.04

Disbursements.

Claims by Death and Matured Endowments. \$5,121,473.91
Dividends, Surrender Values and Annuities. 3,017,113.28
Discounted Endowments. 198,020.71

Total Paid Policy-holders. \$8,336,607.90

Dividend on Capital. 7,000.00
Commissions, Advertising, Postage and Exchange. 1,946,046.69
General Expenses. 1,305,931.98
State, County and City Taxes. 169,400.17 11,764,986.74

NET LEDGER ASSETS, December 31, 1886. \$70,196,260.30

Assets.

Bonds and Mortgages. \$19,881,470.94
New York Real Estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure. 10,406,394.10
United States Stocks; State Stocks; City Stocks, and other investments. 26,568,537.31
Loans Secured by Bonds and Stocks (Market Value, \$1,876,937). 1,392,606.00
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure and Society's Buildings in other cities. 6,021,831.22
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies, at interest; and in transit (since received). 5,855,300.07
Due from Agents on account of Premiums. 70,030.66 \$70,196,260.30

Market Value of Stocks and Bonds over book value. 2,894,032.14

Interest and Rents due and accrued. 640,387.32
Premiums due and in process of collection (less prems. paid in advance \$51,446). 334,135.00
Deferred Premiums. 1,445,638.00

Total Assets, December 31, 1886. \$75,510,472.76

I hereby certify, that after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement, I find the same to be true and correct as stated.

JOHN A. McALL, Jr., Comptroller.

TOTAL LIABILITIES, including legal Reserve on all existing policies (4 per cent. Standard). \$59,154,597.00

Total Undivided Surplus, over 4% Reserve, \$16,355,875.76

Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in general class, is \$5,728,761.76
Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in Tontine class, is \$10,627,114.00
(On New York Standard of 4 1/2% interest, Surplus is, as computed, \$20,495,175.76)

We certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. From this surplus the usual dividends will be made.

GEO. W. PHILLIPS, Actuaries.
J. G. VAN CISE,

New Assurance written in 1886. \$11,540,293

Total Outstanding Assurance. \$411,779,098

Increase of Premium Income. \$2,810,475.40

Increase of Surplus (Four per cent. basis), \$2,493,636.63

Increase of Assets. \$8,957,085.26

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

HENRY B. HYDE, PRESIDENT.

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ESTABLISHED 1801.

Barry's
Tricopherous
FOR
THE HAIR.



Since the year 1801 this invaluable preparation has been before the public, and every year as its excellencies become more extensively known, its popularity has increased. For removing dandruff, cleansing and restoring the hair, and for all ailments of the head, it is a sovereign remedy. It will keep the hair moist, thick and lustrous, and is warranted to prevent it from ever becoming gray, thin, harsh or scurfy.

TYLER DESK CO. ST. LOUIS
MO.

New 64th Illustr'd Catalog 1886, latest ever printed, now ready, represents over 300 New Original Styles of Office & Library DESKS, TABLES, CHAIRS, BOOK CASES, LOUNGES, LETTER PRESSES, Cabinets, Ladies' Fancy Desks, etc. Finest Goods and Lowest Prices Guaranteed, Catalogue free. Postage 4c. No postals. The Tyler Desks are the Best on Earth.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
COCOA

Golden Hair Wash
This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Strengthens the intellect, restores lost functions, builds up worn-out nerves, promotes good digestion, cures all weaknesses and nervousness. 76 WEST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, OR MAIL, \$1.00.

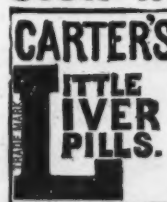
ONLY FOR
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.



Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, it is reliable. For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE



CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.
Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.



First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1874. C. WEIS Mfr of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 B'way, N.Y. Factories, 69 Walker St. & Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes, etc., made in newest designs.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM

GOUT, Gravel, Diabetes. Speedy relief; harmless; infallible; 4 days' cure. French Vegetable Sali-ciates—box, \$1. Books free; thousands authentic references. L. A. PARIS & Co., General Agents, 50 Beaver St., New York.

DEAF—A very interesting 80-page book on Deafness, Noises in the Head, etc. How relieved. Sent free. Address NICHOLSON, 177 McDougall St., N. York.

The First Symptoms

Of all Lung diseases are much the same: feverishness, loss of appetite, sore throat, pains in the chest and back, headache, etc. In a few days you may be well, or, on the other hand, you may be down with Pneumonia or "galloping Consumption." Run no risks, but begin immediately to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Several years ago, James Birchard, of Darien, Conn., was severely ill. The doctors said he was in Consumption, and that they could do nothing for him, but advised him, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine, two or three months, he was pronounced a well man. His health remains good to the present day.

J. S. Bradley, Malden, Mass., writes: "Three winters ago I took a severe cold, which rapidly developed into Bronchitis and Consumption. I was so weak that I could not sit up, was much emaciated, and coughed incessantly. I consulted several doctors, but they were powerless, and all agreed that I was in Consumption. At last, a friend brought me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. From the first dose, I found relief. Two bottles cured me, and my health has since been perfect."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

LADIES

If you will send ten cents in stamps to the Mack Publishing Company, 528 Washington St., New York, they will send you complete words of Mikado, and music of its most popular songs, and etchings of its principal characters, also ten exquisite chromo cards. Or, for four cents, they will send you two of their Beautiful Illustrated Ladies' Books, such as every lady of refinement should have to beautify their homes.

Latest Fashions,

Interesting Stories, Instructive Home Articles, Valuable Medical Essays, by the best authors of the day, in the

N. Y. Fashion Monitor,
231 Broadway, New York.

\$1.00 per year,

Including One Dollar's worth of DRY or FANCY GOODS, FREE, your own choice, at Lowest New York prices.

AGENTS Biggest inducements to live agents. Large Pay for Little Work.

WORK

FOR ALL. \$30 a week and expenses paid. Outfit worth \$5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.



THE NEW DEPARTURE DRUMS are made with patent double acting rods and folding knee rest. Light, substantial and handsome. Used in the best Bands and Orchestras. Unequaled for tone, surpass all others in finish and appearance. If nearest Music dealer does not keep them, write to us for Illustrated Catalogue.
LYON & HEALY, Chicago, Ill.

DEAFNESS

Its causes, and a new and successful CURE at your own home, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. Cured himself in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application. T. S. PAGE, No. 41 West 31st St., New York City.

\$250

A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best-selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.

Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 333, 161. For Sale by all Stationers.
THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. HICKMAN, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

WOMAN WANTED—A L. A. R. Y. for our business in her vicinity. Responsible home. References exchanged. Address at once. GAY MFG CO., 14 Barclay Street, N. Y.

LEO-LINE Forces Heavy MUSTACHE or Beard in 30 days! 1 to 3 packages will do it. One package sent on trial and NO PAY asked until you are satisfied. Address, E. WENOSKE, Providence, R. I.

DYER'S BEARD ELIXIR Forces heavy Mustache, Whiskers, or Hair on bald heads in 30 to 40 days. Extra strength. No other remedy. For 3 Flasks, send 10c. We will send 10c. to you. Price per Flask, sealed and postpaid, 2 for 10c. Address, J. H. HICKMAN, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

CATARH Cured. Sample Treatment FREE. U. S. LAUDERBACK & CO., Newark, N. J.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED AT HOME. NO PAIN. Nervousness, Loss sleep or interference with business. Directions simple. Terms Low. Treatment sent on trial and NO PAY asked until you are cured. 1,000 Cures in Six Months. Particulars FREE. **THE HUMANE REMEDY CO.,** LAFAVETTE, Ind.

MERINO UNDERWEAR

Messrs.

JAS. McCREERY & CO.

have placed on their retail counters complete lines of the

"FURLEY & BUTTRUM BRAND"

of Merino Underwear for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

These goods are not excelled by any line of English manufacture, are moderate in price, and guaranteed to be in every respect as represented.

ORDERS BY MAIL

from any part of the country will receive careful and prompt attention.

James McCreery & Co.

Broadway and 11th St.,
NEW YORK.

MOTH-WAX.

Kills the Moth and the old Moth Miller. It is a perfect protection of Furs and Woolen Fabrics, and is more economical to use than camphor.

In one-pound boxes containing a dozen cakes. Agents wanted in every City, Town and County.

WM. H. H. CHILDS, 75 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.
For sale by W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & Co., 170 and 172 William St., N. Y., and the wholesale drug trade.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike Artificial Systems—Cure of Mind Wandering. Any book learned in one reading. Great inducements to Correspondence Classes. Prospectus, with opinions in full of Mr. RICHARD A. PROCTOR, HON. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, DR. MINOR, WOOD, REV. FRANCIS B. DENIO, MARK TWAIN, and others, sent post free by
PROF. LOISETTE,
237 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CLUB ORDERS

We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving as PREMIUMS to those who GET UP CLUBS or purchase TEA and COFFEE in large quantities, DINNERS and TEA SETS, GOLD-BAND SETS, SILVERWARE, &c. Teas of all kinds from 25 cents to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS each day. SILVER-PLATED CASTERS as Premiums, with \$5, \$7, and \$10 orders. WHITE TEA SETS with \$10 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS with \$11 orders. GOLD-BAND or MOSS-ROSE SETS of 4 pieces, or DINNERS SETS of 18 pieces, with \$20 orders, and a HOST of other Premiums. We carry the largest stock, and do the largest TEA and COFFEE business, in Boston. Send postal (and mention this paper) for our large illustrated price and premium list, of 96 pages, containing also CASH PRICES for our premiums, at LESS than Wholesale Prices. As to our reliability, we are pleased to refer to the publishers of this paper. **GREAT LONDON TEA CO.,** 801 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

SIoux CITY, IOWA.

Parties who neglected to invest in Kansas City and Minneapolis real estate at the prospectus and missed it, have now another opportunity in Sioux City. Those who did invest in Kansas City and Minneapolis and consequently enriched themselves, are invited to inspect the Coming City of the West. Send for circulars. Address JOHN PIERCE, Sec'y, Sioux City, Iowa.

COLONISTS.

LANDS, SETTLEMENTS, AND HOMES. Those persons who desire to join a colony on the co-operative plan should write to the **American Land and Colonization Association** for full information and pamphlets.

Parties wanted for all the necessary trades, such as farmers, laborers, mechanics, and merchants. Address EASTERN OFFICE, 150 Boreel Building, New York. H. S. WICKS, Manager.

N. B.—A new town has been established, near which quantities of Government land can be taken up.

DRUNKENNESS

or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured. In any of its stages. All desire or craving for stimulants entirely removed. Medicine can be given without knowledge of the patient, by placing it in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for particulars. **GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO.,** 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

RUPTURE Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt-Trans. combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating continuous Electric & Magnetic current. Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective. Avoid frauds. Over 9,000 cured. Send Stamp for pamphlet. **ALSO ELECTRIC BELTS FOR DYSPEPSIA.** DR. HORNE, INVENTOR, 181 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

It WILL PAY You to remember when purchasing shaving soaps, that **"Williams' Shaving Soaps"** ARE THE BEST. FAMOUS FOR 50 YEARS. Marvelous for their rich, soothing and durable lather. If unable to get them of druggists, we will send Williams' "Genuine Yankee" Shaving Soap FOR 15 CENTS; Williams' SHAVING STICK, for 25 cts. IN STAMPS. **The J. B. WILLIAMS' CO.,** Glastonbury, Conn. Formerly Williams & Bros., Manchester, 1840.

20 Years Record.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,
Is a Positive Cure

For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

It will cure entirely all ovarian or vaginal troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements; & consequent spinal Weakness, and its particularly adapted to the change of life.

Lydia E. Pinkham
The Woman's Sure Friend

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Premiums.	at	Florins.	equals	Florins.
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1	"	100,000	"	100,000
1	"	100,000	"	100,000
1	"	15,000	"	15,000
1	"	12,000	"	12,000
1	"	10,000	"	10,000
3	"	5,000	"	15,000
12	"	1,000	"	12,000
54	"	500	"	27,000
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And I am perfectly cured. I keep it
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Respectfully, B. F. Booth, Saulsbury, Tenn., May 4, 1885.

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Mrs. FANNIE GREEN.

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Yours truly,
Miss JULIA G. CUSHING.

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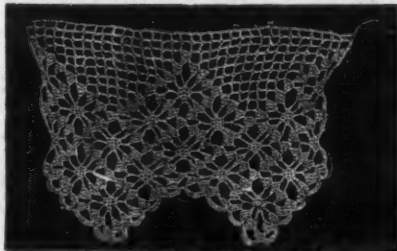
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